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SEPT. No. 4
THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU
75¢



NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

SPECIAL SECTION
ON

**DAVID
CARRADINE**
--TV's MASTER OF
KUNG FU

PHOTOS, FEATURES, AND ACTION STRIPS
OF MARTIAL-ARTS FURY



MARVEL



Vol. 1, No. 4

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

September, 1974

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

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The Way Of The Tiger

Editorial meanderings by Tony Isabella

Taking over a new magazine is always a challenge. More so at Marvel—where it sometimes seems like we're putting out a new book roughly every 37 minutes. Granted I've had a lot of help...from Editor-in-Chief Roy Thomas...from Consulting and Former Editor Marv Wolfman...and from my erstwhile Assistant Editor, Chris Claremont. But the challenge is still there: to take THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, an incredibly popular and successful magazine, and try to make it even more popular and successful. That's a large order to fill.

So when you intend (as I do) to face the challenge, your best bet is to go to your audience and find out what they want. So...

Do you prefer MASTER OF KUNG FU or THE SONS OF THE TIGER? Do you want to see them both in every issue? Would you like to see a few non-series comics stories in this magazine? Would you like to see regular columns on TV's "Kung Fu" or Bruce Lee? Do you prefer the balanced contents we've been presenting or would you like more on certain topics (i.e., Martial Arts movies, the Arts themselves, tournaments, etc.)? All of the above? None of the above? Some of the above? Let

me know. The address is:

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

In the meantime, lean back and enjoy this issue's offerings. The Shang-Chi story to the right re-introduces Mike Vosberg, whose work you saw in our summer KUNG FU SPECIAL. Mike's slated to draw the feature every issue and we're glad to have him aboard. (Next issue, however, in typical Marvel manner, MASTER OF KUNG FU is to be drawn by another talented newcomer, Keith Pollard. Alan Weiss is also working on a Shang-Chi outing. Except for these, though, it'll be Mike every month.)

You can look forward to some exciting changes in THE SONS OF THE TIGER, too, following this issue's emergency fill-in by heroes Don Perlin and Dan Adkins. Thanks, guys. You came through when I needed you.

Plus: the usual photos, features, and surprises. So get reading already and I'll see you here next month.

—T.I.

Hits From The House Of Marvel

ITEM! With Marvel's ever-increasing magazine line, it has become virtually impossible to keep you faithful ones abreast of what's happening in all our titles. Sure, we manage to squeeze in an announcement here and there, but it seems we always fall short of even mentioning every new Bullpen Blockbuster. No more, group. As of the publication you're now holding in your hot little hands, we will be presenting a special news 'n' gossip page in every title of the Marvel Magazine Group, including an editorial by Rascally ROY THOMAS, Marvel-ous MARV WOLFMAN, or TONY (The Tiger) ISABELLA, specially written for the book it appears in. Of course, now that you've got no excuse to miss a single magazine masterpiece, we expect these titles to skyrocket to new heights of success. How can they do less when they've got all of you supporting them? Hang in there, valued folks, the best is yet to come!

ITEM! Expansion is right! The ink's hardly dry on the first issues of PLANET OF THE APES and THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, and we have four new titles in the works. The first of these is a serious documentary magazine called PHOTO NEWS FEATURES. Its premiere issue contains a powerful, penetrating study of Adolph Hitler, the madman who plunged an entire world into war. It features exclusive photos, never-before-published anywhere. Look for it on Aug. 20th! Come September, you'll see the first issue of IRON FIST and NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED. The former stars the steel-smashing Kung Fu hero you've thrilled to in our color comic, MARVEL PREMIERE, and our summer KUNG FU SPECIAL. The latter is a new kind of publication whose sub-title says it all: "The Pleasures of the Past." And, waiting in the wings is the exciting MARVEL PREVIEW, which will introduce dynamic new comics concepts to Marveldom Assembled. It's slated for October release. Four new titles! It is any wonder we've long since given up coffee breaks?

ITEM! With all the expansion (that word again!), you're probably wondering we're getting the talent to produce

the magazines. Answer: sheer dumb luck. Case-in-point: Active ALAN LeMOND, Marvel's newest editorial wizard. Alan will be editing both PHOTO NEWS FEATURES and NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED for starts, with more projects in the works. As for IRON FIST, not only is Tony the Tiger editing the book, he's pitching in by writing virtually the entire first issue. How's that for dedication? (P.S.: He couldn't have pulled it off, however, without the considerable aid of Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH, Fightin' FRANK McLAUGHLIN, Dangerous DON PERLIN, and Mighty MIKE ESPOSITO—not to mention the Tiger's long-suffering assistant, Cheerful CHRIS CLAREMONT.)

ITEM! Marvel's made another acquisition this month, one of the comics industry's only quadruple-threat men. He can write, pencil, ink, and letter—and does all of these on the world-renown JOHNNY HAZARD newspaper strip. In his "spare" time, he still has enough drive to draw about a dozen pages a week for Marvel. You guessed it! High-flying FRANK ROBBINS (depicted in the MARIE SEVERIN drawing below) has joined the Bullpen crew—with gusto!



In the month he's been working for us, Frank has done two stories for DRACULA LIVES, an issue of our color ADVENTURES INTO FEAR (featuring MORBIUS—THE LIVING VAMPIRE), and begun work on his first issue of CAPTAIN AMERICA! And he's also working up a series pilot for MONSTERS UNLEASHED. Fast? He makes greased lightning look lethargic by comparison! Welcome aboard, Frank!

ITEM! That's it for the news, troops. But to tide you over until news time, here's a list of Marvel mags now on sale:

VAMPIRE TALES #7: Morbius, the Living Vampire—trapped in the old West's most ghastly city, Gallows Bend! Plus a trio of terrific tales by Moench, Chaykin, Gulacy, and Graham!

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #4: Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, versus Fu Manchu's deadliest assassin. Plus: showdown 10,000 feet above the ground—between the Sons of the Tiger and the sinister Silent Ones! Bonus: special feature on David Carradine.

MONSTERS UNLEASHED #8: The Frankenstein Monster stalks the city! And, by popular demand, the epic return of Gulliver Jones, Warrior of Mars! And a host of fear-fraught features!

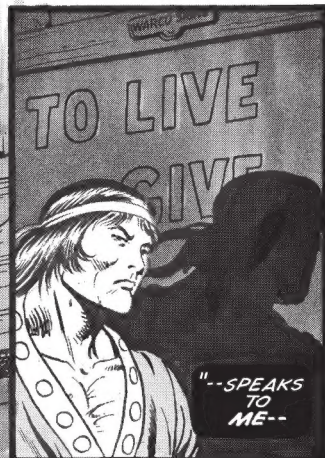
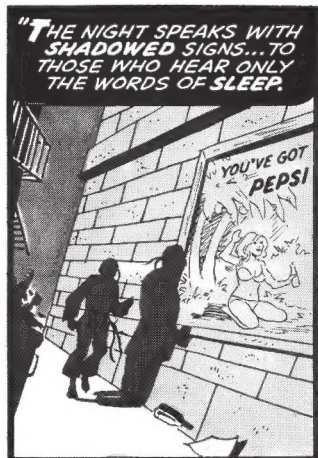
MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES #3: Our special VAMPIRE issue with the lowdown on Nightstalkers from Blacula to Count Yorga, Barry Atwater to Bela Lugosi, and a whole lot more. Exclusive: Inside Hammer Films!

THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #2: Sword-and-sorcery's greatest value! Three great heroes for the price of one! That's Conan, King Kull, and the post-holocaust battler called Blackmark!

PLANET OF THE APES #2: "Terror on the Planet of the Apes" reigns when Jason and Alexander enter the dreaded Forbidden Zone. Also: part two of the original "Planet of the Apes" adventure and an interview with Charlton Heston!

And that's only the beginning!





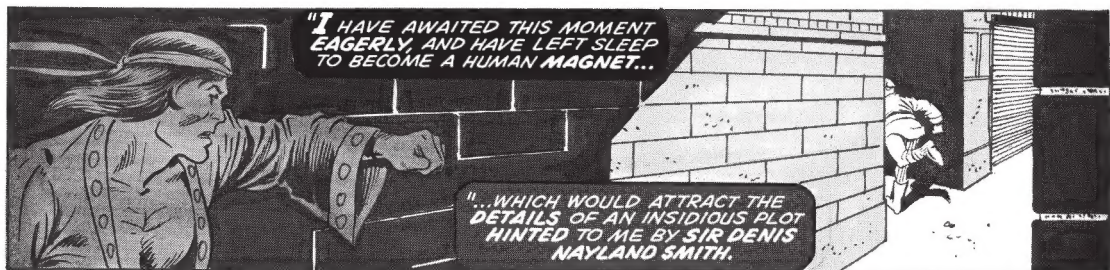


"I
CHOOSE
A PATH
OF
LIFE..."



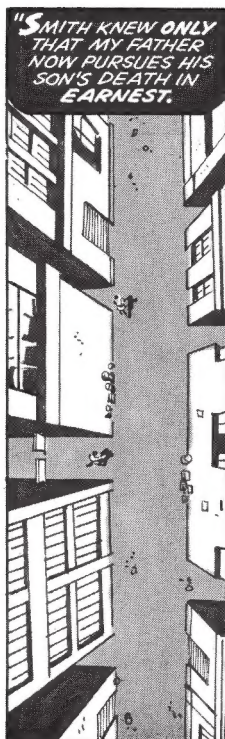
"...AND THE SOUND
OF QUICK BREATH--"

"--IS DROWNED IN
THE PANIC OF
FOOTSTEPS."



"I HAVE AWAITED THIS MOMENT
EAGERLY, AND HAVE LEFT SLEEP
TO BECOME A HUMAN MAGNET..."

"...WHICH WOULD ATTRACT THE
DETAILS OF AN INSIDIOUS PLOT
HINTED TO ME BY SIR DENIS
NAYLAND SMITH."



"SMITH KNEW ONLY
THAT MY FATHER
NOW PURSUES HIS
SON'S DEATH IN
EARNEST."



"THUS, I PURSUE
THE AGENT OF
MY FATHER."

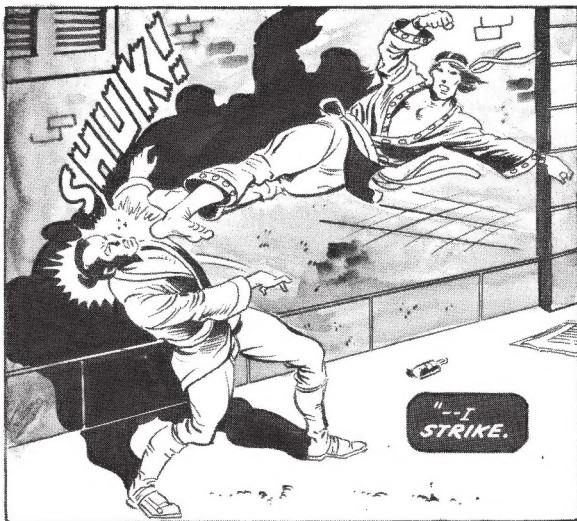
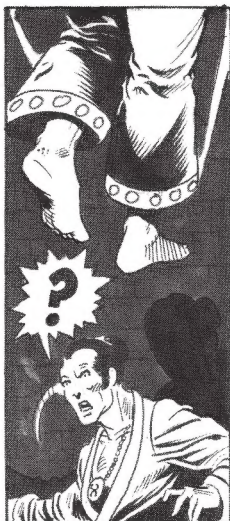


"I BECOME
MY SHADOW
NOW..."



"...SO THAT WHEN
THE ASSASSIN
BELIEVES HIM-
SELF SAFE--"



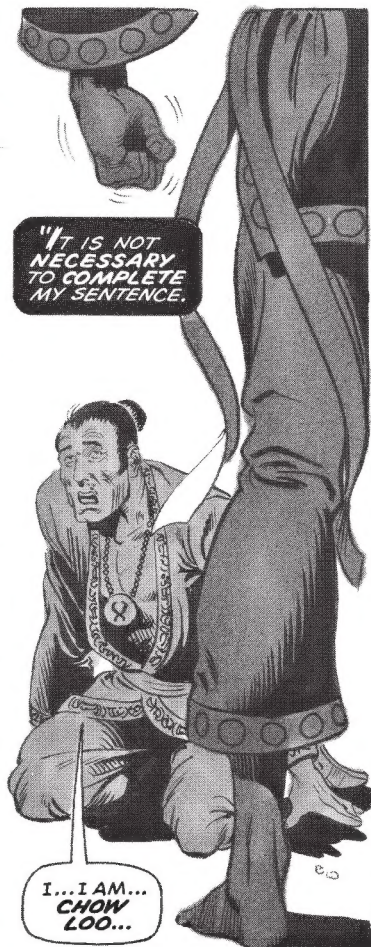
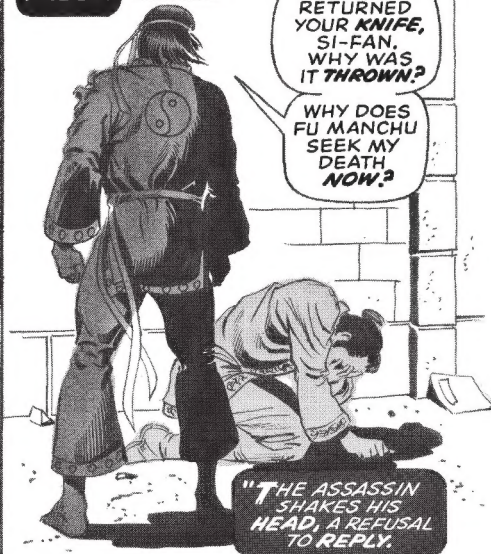


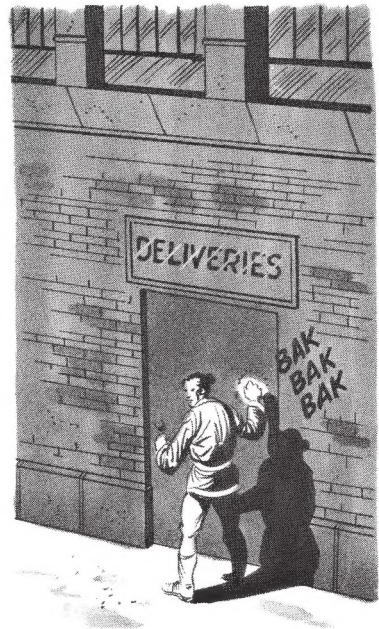
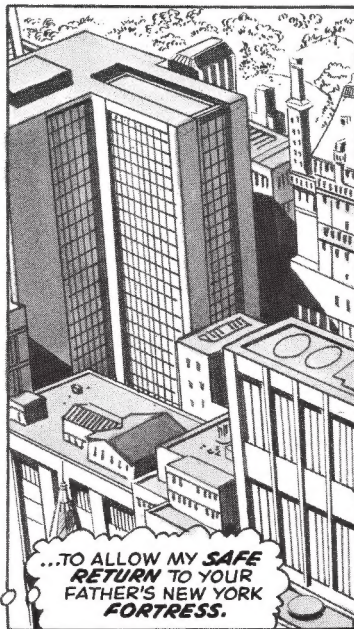
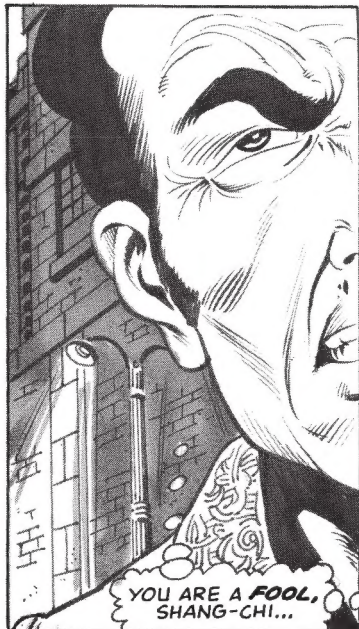
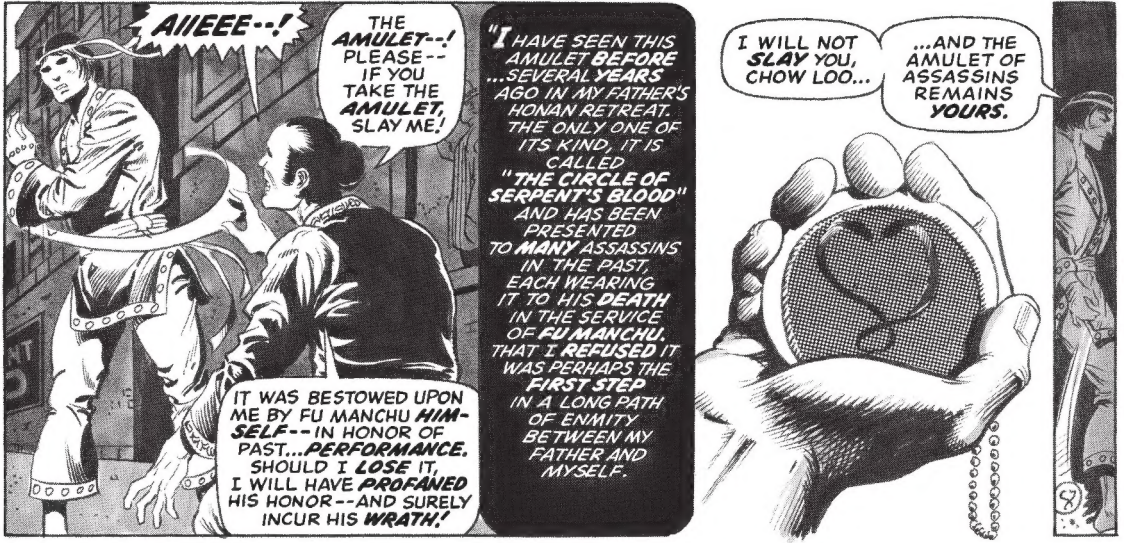


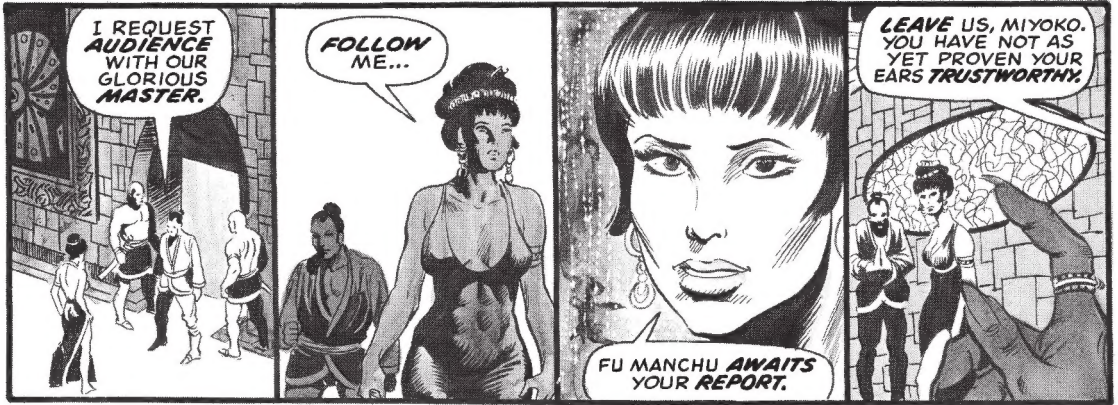
"I PAUSE."

"THEN:"

I HAVE RETURNED YOUR *KNIFE*, SI-FAN. WHY WAS IT *THROWN*?
WHY DOES FU MANCHU SEEK MY DEATH *NOW*?





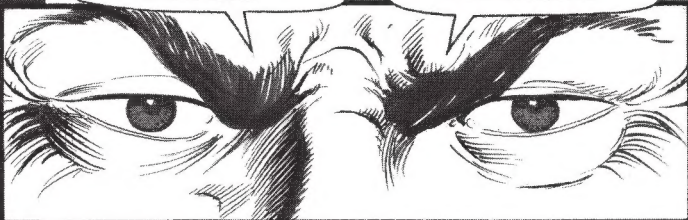




YES, REVERED
FU MANCHU...

YOUR TONGUE *STINKS*
EVEN AT *THIS* DISTANCE,
CHOW LOO.

YOU HAVE NOT LEARNED
TO RENDER YOUR LIES
PALATABLE.



SHANG-CHI
OVERCAME
YOU -- FORCED
YOU TO *SPEAK*.

BUT SINCE YOU DO
NOT *KNOW* MY PLANS,
YOU LIED TO *HIM*
EVEN AS YOU NOW
LIE TO *ME*.

WHAT
LIE DID
YOU
TELL
HIM?



SHANG-CHI
IS DEAD.



VENERABLE
FU MANCHU,
I... I...



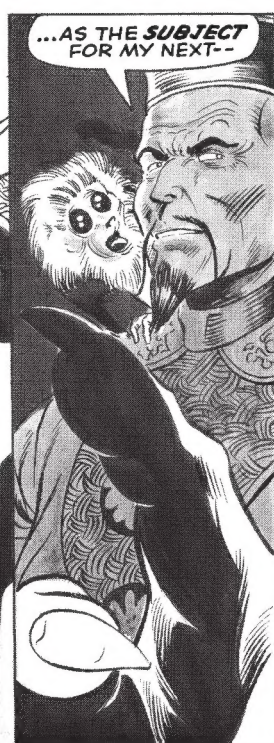
YES...?

...I *TOLD* HIM...
THAT YOU PLANNED
TO POISON THE
LOS ANGELES *WATER*
RESERVOIR.

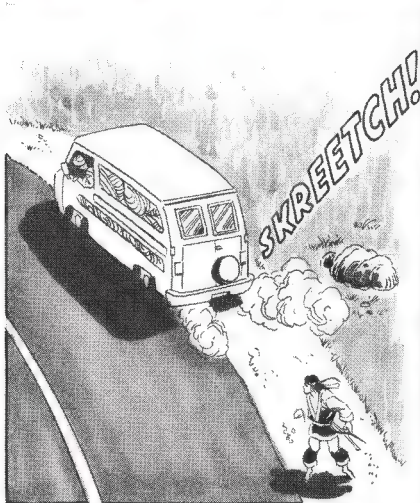
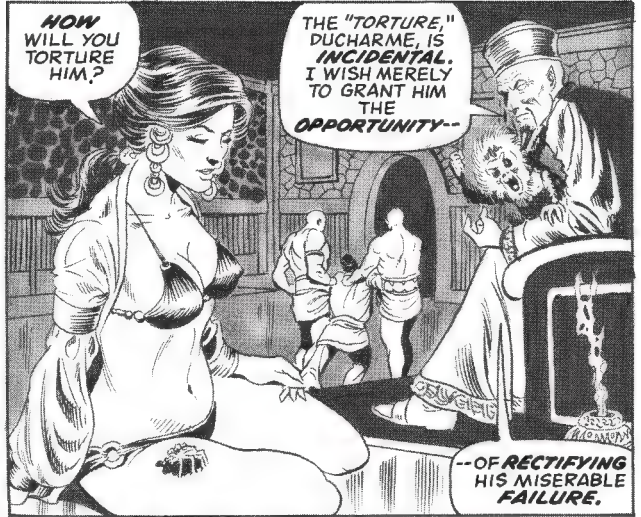


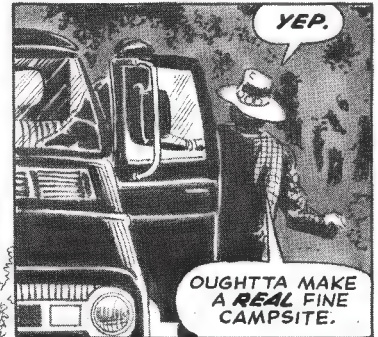
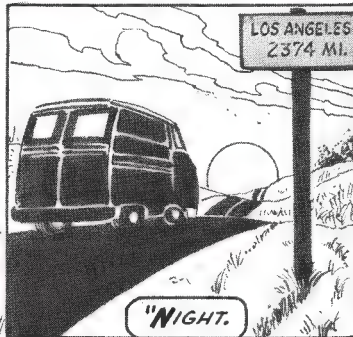
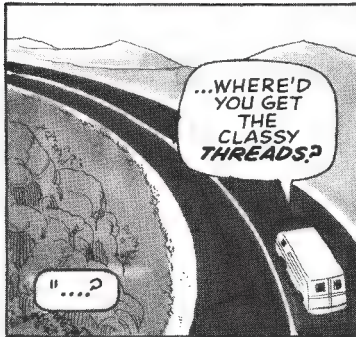
THEN I TRUST YOU
WILL ENJOY *YOUR*
JOURNEY TO
LOS ANGELES,
CHOW LOO...

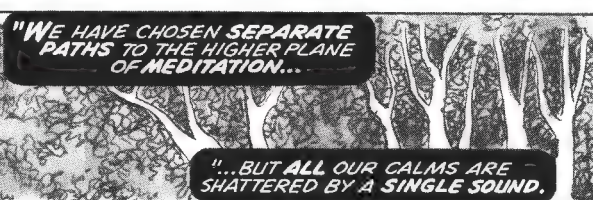
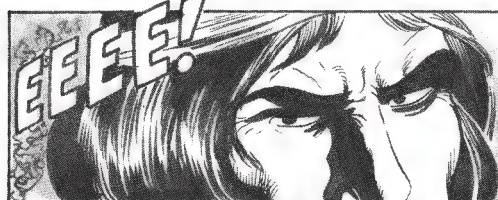
BUT FIRST I WILL
SUMMON MY
RETAINERS--TO
PREPARE BRIEF
ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR YOU *HERE*...



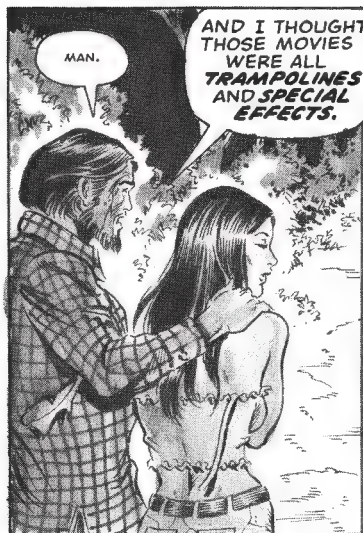
...AS THE *SUBJECT*
FOR MY NEXT--











MAN.

AND I THOUGHT THOSE MOVIES WERE ALL **TRAMPOLINES** AND **SPECIAL EFFECTS**.



BUT YOU JUST MADE ME A **BELIEVER**, SHANG-CHI...

I AINT EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE **THAT--!**



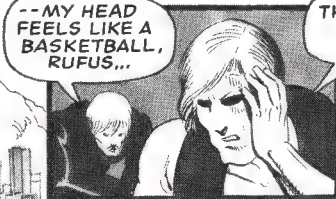
IF WE LEAVE **NOW**, JOHNNY... YOU WILL NOT BE FORCED TO ENDURE THE SIGHT A **SECOND** TIME.

PLEASE START YOUR **VEHICLE**--WHILE I ATTEND TO A **FINAL MATTER**.

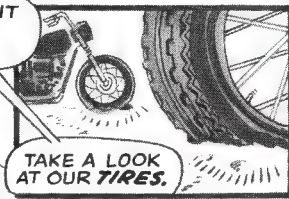


NEAT **TRICK**, SHANG...

THEY'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US **NOW**.



--MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BASKETBALL, RUFUS...



THAT AINT **ALL**, PIKER.

TAKE A LOOK AT OUR **TIRES**.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **YOU**, SHANG-CHI, BUT THESE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS HAVE BEEN A STONED-OUT **GAS** FOR US.

YOU DON'T **TALK** MUCH... BUT WHEN YOU **DO**, IT'S WORTH PUTTIN' IN ONE OF THOSE **BOOKS OF QUOTATIONS**.

SO **WE'D** LIKE TO THANK **YOU** FOR THE RIDE...

...CAUSE THAT **SIGN** SAYS IT'S JUST ABOUT **OVER**.

WELCOME TO **LOS ANGELES**



WE **MADE** IT, LAURIE! HAL-UH-LOO-YUH, WE **MADE** IT!!

"I HAVE NOT YET REACHED MY **DESTINATION**..."



SHANG-CHI--! COME ON OUT AND TAKE A **LOO--**

HE'S **GONE**, JOHNNY...

YOU MEAN HE **LEFT** WITHOUT EVEN SAYING--



THANK **YOU**.

WEIRD. THAT CAT IS DEFINITELY **WEIRD**.

"THE SUN IS BRIGHT UPON THE WATER, AND THE WALL WHICH DIVIDES IT."

"SINCE MAN HAS TAMPERED WITH NATURE'S WATER, POLLUTING IT WITH WASTE AND CHEMICALS...THIS PURIFICATION PLANT HAS BEEN ERECTED TO INTERCEPT THAT POLLUTION."

"IT IS HERE THAT MAN AGAIN TAMPERERS WITH THE WATER, INTRODUCING STILL MORE CHEMICALS...THESE DESIGNED TO RENDER NATURE ONCE AGAIN FIT TO BE CONSUMED BY MAN."

"I AM REMINDED OF YIN--"

"--AND YANG--"

"...AND THAT I HAVE ATTAINED MY DESTINATION."

"FOR IT IS HERE..."

"...THAT MY FATHER WOULD SUBSTITUTE PURITY WITH POISON."

"I ENTER..."

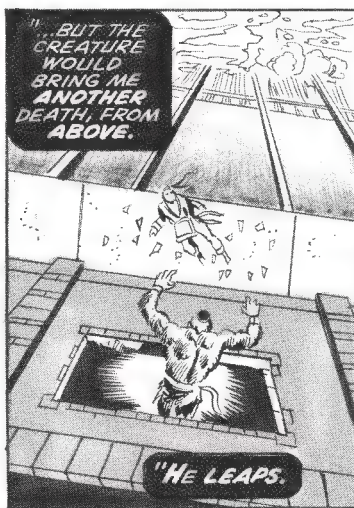
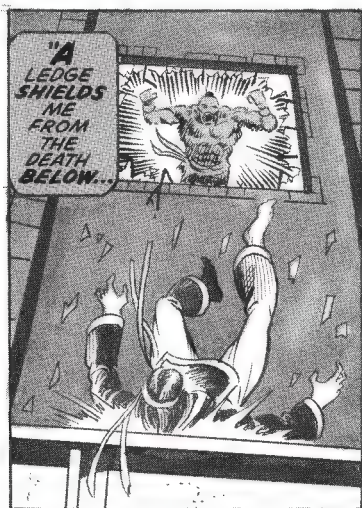
PURIFICATION FILTER SYS

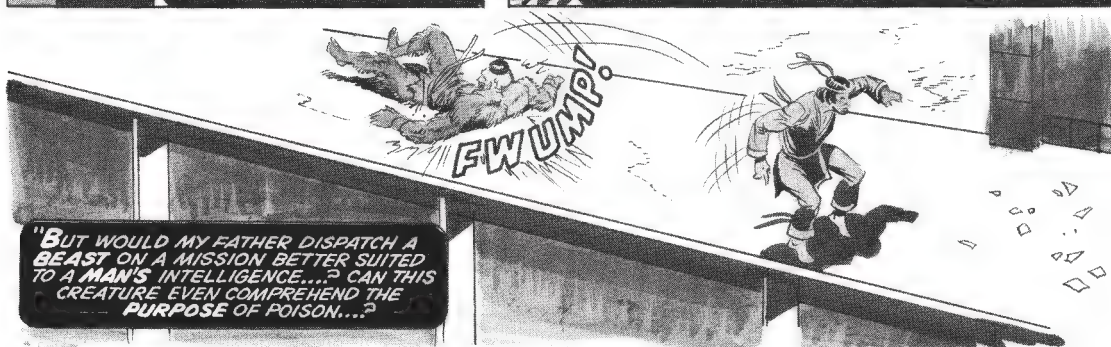
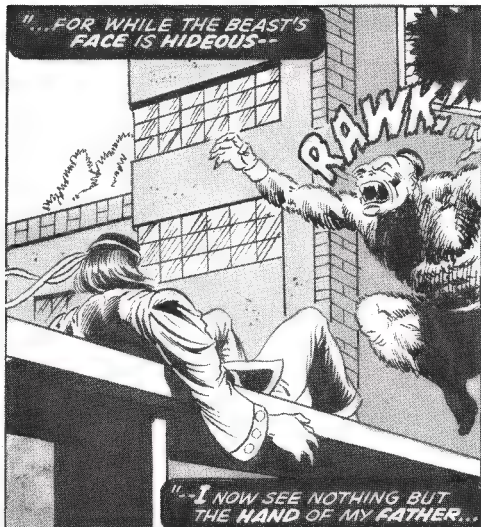
AURRK!

"...TO GREET HORROR."

"A BEAST..."

"...AND SEEMINGLY AN EXAMPLE OF HOW NATURE HAS TAMPERED WITH MAN."





"...AND A MAN'S WORDS ARE OFTEN VOICED TOO LATE.

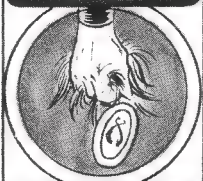
"I HAVE TRIED TO SAVE THE MAN, BUT HAVE GRASPED NOTHING BUT A TUFT OF THE BEAST'S HAIR.



PLEASE!



"AND SOMETHING ELSE...



"A CIRCLE OF SERPENT'S BLOOD... THE CURSE OF MY FATHER, WHICH HAD HUNG AROUND THE NECK OF THE ONE CALLED CHOW LOO...

"...AND WHICH HAS NOW CHOKED HIM.



"FU MANCHU NEVER INTENDED TO POISON THE WATER.



"IT WAS A LIE, SPAWNED IN THE TERROR OF CHOW LOO'S FAILURE TO SLAY ME. AND THE BEAST CHOW LOO BECAME WAS SPAWNED IN MY FATHER'S RECOGNITION OF THAT FAILURE--



"--AND IN THE EVIL OF HIS 'BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS'...

"THE CIRCLE IS BROKEN.

"AND THE WATER BELOW IS POISONED WITH THE DEATH OF A MAN I HAVE PLEDGED NOT TO SLAY.

"THE SUN... IS TOO BRIGHT.

YOU ARE NOT ANGRY, FU MANCHU.

SHANG-CHI LIVES. IS THAT NOT NEWS OF YOUR FAILURE?

FAILURE, DUCHARME, IS A REWARD GRANTED ONLY TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ANTICIPATE IT.

IT IS TRUE THAT I SOUGHT TO PUNISH MY SON. BUT I ALSO SOUGHT CHOW LOO'S PUNISHMENT.

THEREFORE, BY FORCING A CONTEST BETWEEN THE TWO, I HAD ALREADY ASSURED THAT ONLY I COULD EMERGE THE VICTOR.

CHUR-LEE?

FIN



We're back! The forty fearsome fingers of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU** (ten each on Shang-Chi and the Sons of the Tiger) striking out with our fourth furious blow to your mind and eye!

If you get the idea we're excited about this issue, you're on the right track.

We've got it all this time around, friends. Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu—son of Fu Manchu! The Sons of the Tiger—hot on the trail of the killers of Master Kee! And more photos, features, and movie reviews than you can swing a nunchaku at!

But it's all for naught if it doesn't entertain, inform, and excite YOU. So keep US informed on what you're thinking. Take a cue from the folks whose letters blaze across these pages. Chop—uh, that is, DROP us a line right away.

Or, as Kwai Chang Caine might put it, "Is not a ten-cent stamp less precious than a magazine's destiny?"

Come to think of it, we suspect one of our accountants, not Caine, was responsible for that pearl of wisdom . . . !

Dear Marvel,

The second issue of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU** kicked off quite nicely with a fine cover by Neal Adams. I didn't care for the pin-up of David Carradine, but I'd like to see one of Shang-Chi next time.

The "Masters of Kung Fu" story, featuring Shang-Chi, was fabulously drawn by Alan Weiss. Shang never looked more supple and graceful battling a multitude of foes. Steve wrote a pretty good story, as well.

Now that Steve is leaving the strip, I'd like to comment on what I'd like to see both here and in Shang's color comic. Shang-Chi has been around for a number of issues now, and so far he has no place of residence, no friends, and, except for an occasional appearance by Nayland Smith, no supporting characters. Sure, I love Martial Arts-style action, especially when drawn by such great artists, but I am also concerned with Shang-Chi himself. I've noticed the similarity between Shang-Chi and Daimon Hellstrom in the **Son of Satan** series in **MARVEL SPOTLIGHT**. Each has a father who spends much of his time plotting his son's death with a variety of emissaries. And in both series, I would like to see the respective fathers and their helpers bow out of the scene, or at least not play a major role. I would like to see Shang-Chi expand his horizons, get involved with other characters and problems, and get someplace to live and maybe even some love-interest in his life.

I could also stand to see a couple of female martial arts opponents for Shang. No doubt Fu Manchu has some female-type assassins in his arsenal, so how about it?

As in all the articles I've read about him, David Carradine comes across in "The Shaolin Priest of Laurel Canyon" as a non-conformist, sometimes appearing arrogant to me, other times not. Even though he plays the character of Caine well, the fact that he knows little about actual kung fu probably makes his personal life somewhat less interesting to a

Martial Arts "purist," the type of person who'll buy **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU**. But I enjoyed the article because he is such an offbeat person, no doubt the "original San Francisco beatnik." It's nice to know he's concerned about the character he portrays on the screen, but I'm not certain that if "left to its own devices, the studio would turn the show into 'The Rifleman.'"

A review of "The Dragon's Vengeance" by Tony Isabella was next. I've never seen Barry Chan in action, so I can't comment on your assertion that he could prove to be another Bruce Lee. I might go see the movie, though, if it comes around my way to see what Tony described as the "scene that may very well become known as a classic in kung fu cinema." In the future, I'd like to see less emphasis on the films and more on their stars. I'd be interested, say, in knowing what Martial Art Barry Chan is most proficient in, where he learned his stuff, etc.

"What Makes the Martial Arts Work?" by Frank McLaughlin was simple and to the point. These punches can be practiced strictly for conditioning purposes, accompanied by a loud yell, which will help strengthen chest and stomach muscles. I was glad Mr. McLaughlin didn't neglect the psychological aspect of the Martial Arts, because it's extremely important. The picture was also helpful, especially that sequence concerned with the proper way to make a fist. I wonder how many people have been involved in street brawls and struck someone's jaw with an improperly closed fist and wound up with jammed knuckles, which are extremely painful. Worse, they're unnecessary. (So is street brawling!—The Bullpen.)

Speaking of the actual Martial Arts, there are a couple of books I'd enjoy seeing reviews on. In the earlier Shang-Chi tale, he says, "This sudden fad of foreign violence, with little regard for foreign philosophy, saddens me." Totally opposed to that view is Bruce Tegner, who has written a number of Martial Arts manuals. He believes that the philosophy that goes with

learning karate should be disregarded, because it merely complicates and romanticizes what is essentially self-defense. He feels that, in this century, observing rituals that have no true meaning to us is detrimental to learning Martial Arts skill. In fact, he says there are no "vital nerve-centers" of the body that can be paralyzed with finger pressure. I disagree with him, and I have a black belt friend who does, also. However, his books are displayed everywhere. I wonder if you could do an article on him.

That book on the life of Bruce Lee sounds tantalizing, and I plead guilty to the charge of curiosity about Lee's death. I think Wan Chang O'Shaughnessy hit it right on the head when he said there is a cult growing up around him, just as it did around James Dean and Marilyn Monroe.

Don McGregor's review on "Enter the Dragon" was next. I saw the film and was impressed. Bruce Lee is incredible to behold on the screen. There's a scene in which he whirls a nunchaku, and I could've sworn no living being could move that fast! From what Don said, this movie was many notches above the average Martial Arts film. More films of its caliber would be a welcome treat. There is at least some sort of plot, as Don said, and the audience can identify with the protagonists, at least on a superficial level. Actually, the film had a James bond feel to it, more than a Martial Arts style. Anyway, Don's review was good, and he made a number of interesting points.

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU is a worthy addition to your black-and-white line. It's not unlike Marvel to take something like this and make it outlive the fad. I'm sure that will be the case with this magazine.

Ralph Macchio
188 Wilson Dr.
Cresskill, N.J. 07626

Dear Marvel,

I was disappointed in your second issue, but I was also happy with your second issue. I had best clarify that statement, but from the way you guys seem to be, that sentence probably makes sense to you.

Anyway, I was disappointed in the comics in the second **DEADLY HANDS** issue. The new Shang-Chi story was actually pretty ridiculous. All it consisted of were a lot of stupid fights with a bunch of deformed people who got killed in the end, anyway. Steve's script was good, and so was Al's art, but as a whole, it was a waste of time. The other story was probably the best first-appearance issue in a long time when it first appeared, a few short months ago. Look, guys, I can understand using reprints—but, come on, let the stories get old a little bit!

The other articles were good, much better than last time. I await the appearance of Barry Chan, after that great review by Tony.

I wish you continued success.

Steve Andrews
Box 7
Lindenwood College
St. Charles, Mo. 63301

Originally, Steve, the second episode of the **SONS OF THE TIGER** series was intended to occupy the space taken up in **DEADLY HANDS #2** by the Shang-Chi origin. Unfortunately, we ran into deadline problems. So, it was either a reprint of that much-requested story . . . an old vampire yarn from the 1950's . . . or a fabulous episode of Lorna the Jungle Girl and her Talking MongOOSE! (We don't have too many OLD kung fu yarns lying around, you know. They were rather sparse—make that "non-existent"—before 1974.) So we chose the Shang-Chi story to fill the void. And, from the letters we've received, it seems a good many people who missed it in **SPECIAL MARVEL EDITION #15** were grateful that we did.

Dear Marvel,

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #2 started out very well with a fine, catchy Adams cover and a great Englehart-Weiss story. I would like to see much more

READERS' FORUM

In each issue of **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU**, we devote this space to a letter which we think deserves your special attention and consideration because of its unusual or controversial viewpoints. Readers are, of course, invited to submit their own opinions on these **READERS' FORUM** letters.

Dear Marvel,

I have just finished reading **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #2**. I was pleased. Al Weiss does Shang-Chi justice. I'm glad to see your artists are paying attention to the karate and kung fu form. It's important to the validity of the book. The articles on kung fu are interesting, but I prefer an illustrated story. Those movies are on the way out, anyway.

I do have one complaint. Actually, it's a plea. I beg you not to give illustrated karate lessons. Why? First, it has no place in a mag like this. You're in the comic-book biz, remember? Secondly, I've been into karate for two years, and believe me, you can't learn it from a book unless you have already had some formal training. It's like learning to be a brain surgeon through a home-study course. Other than that, you have a flawless book.

Until Shang-Chi kills himself saluting.

Gary Opasinski
5101 W. 29th Pl.
Cicero, Ill. 60650

In no way, Gary—and we hope our readers realize it—are we saying that one can learn kung fu simply by following our simple directions. We believe our articles may be able to provide some very basic pointers for the Martial Arts neophyte and perhaps interest those more adept as well, but they are by no means a replacement for a competent instructor in the flesh, right by your side, to tell you what you're doing wrong and what you're doing right, and how to do it better. Think of us as a teaching aid—your karate class' audio-visual department—not as a surrogate teacher.

of Al, and I sure wish Steve would stay on.

The rest of the book fared less well. After you finish your review of "Enter the Dragon," I think you could drop the chop-socky movie reviews. Fans like myself who do not live in large cities are highly unlikely ever to have seen most of the films, and the reviews are therefore largely useless to us. I'd also favor the deletion of the "how-to" kung fu articles. Anyone really interested in such techniques can find more detailed explanations in karate magazines or at the office of a reputable instructor.

Speaking for myself, I am principally interested in comics. I would like to see another strip added to the book. Perhaps an additional Shang-Chi story, or an Iron Fist or Mantis outing.

William Mills
440 Garfield Ave.
Eau Claire, Wisc. 54701



TALES, and **MONSTERS UNLEASHED** might just turn around your thinking about the place of comic magazines in your life. Truly, these feature some of the most exciting, most compelling illustrated adventure and horror tales on the stands today. If you think we're kidding, try any one of them and see! (End of plug.)

Dear Roy & Marv,

Re: **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #2**.

Well, people, looks like you've got another winner on your hands! It's nice to see Al Weiss' fine pencils again!

Of course, it goes without saying that we were pleasantly surprised to see Paul Gulacy's great Shang-Chi illo reprinted in a slightly larger size (that illo having appeared in **CPL #7**, © 1973, C.P.L./Gang Publications . . . Plug-plug!). In fact, we're only sorry that Marvel doesn't have any format capable of printing the thing in its original size. Lordy, it's big!

Again, best wishes for the success of your new book.

Your very obedient robot,
ROG-2000
Galley Slave
C.P.L./Gang Publications
4010 Mallway Dr. Apt. A
Indianapolis, Ind. 46236

Thanks a lot, Rog. But, frankly, WE'RE a bit surprised that those harsh taskmasters of yours down at CPL let you have the three nano-seconds free time you'd need to computer-print this really nice letter; after all, good galley slaves are hard to find these days, especially good ones that'll work.

Anyway, for the uninitiated among our readers, Rog is—as you may have guessed—a robot, who works for CPL, which is itself a fanzine published out in the mysterious, uncharted wilds of Indianapolis, Ind. A fanzine is, simply, a magazine published by—uh huh—FANS; in this case, comic book fans. What fanzines DO is publish articles (many critical, a few applauding), stories, art, interviews, etc. about the work done by the professional comic publications, namely Marvel and our competitors. And, occasionally, they let us print fan artist renderings of our characters—it's kind of a "fair-exchange" program, actually; some of our artists do spots for them, and theirs do spots for us.

Again, thanks a lot for your letter, Rog, and best wishes from the Bullpen to your galley masters down at CPL.

READERS' POLL

Here's how you rated the stories and features that appeared in **THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #2**:

- (1) "Shang-Chi: Master of Kung Fu" by Steve Englehart and Alan Lee Weiss was far and away the favorite of most voters. Oh, and lest we forget, Al Migrom inked this mini-masterpiece.
- (2) "The Dragon Has Entered," critic Don McGregor's review of the Warner Brothers' Martial Arts flick, ran a strong second.
- (3) "What Makes the Martial Arts Work?" by Frank McLaughlin hai-eee'd its way into your hearts and the number three spot.
- (4) "The Origin of Shang-Chi," that fittingly lyrical saga of smashing fists and broken bodies by Steve Englehart, Jim Starlin, and Al Migrom placed fourth—and first among many who hadn't seen its original presentation.
- (5) "Lee's Life," a review of the Alex Ben Block biography of Bruce Lee by Wan Chang O'Shaughnessy, nosed out . . .
- (6) "The Dragons Vengeance," a film critique by Tony Isabella, and "The Shaolin Priest of Laurel Canyon," a look into the life of Caine's alter ego, David Carradine, by Lorraine Zenka Smith.

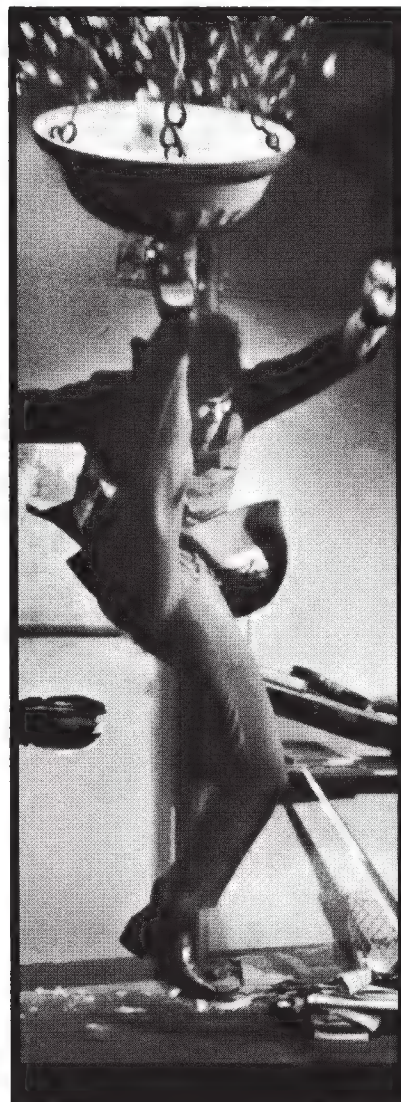
Now . . . what did you like best in this issue? Why? What features do you want more of? Less of? What should we do that we haven't done yet? Send those and the answers to any other questions you dream up to:

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Comics Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

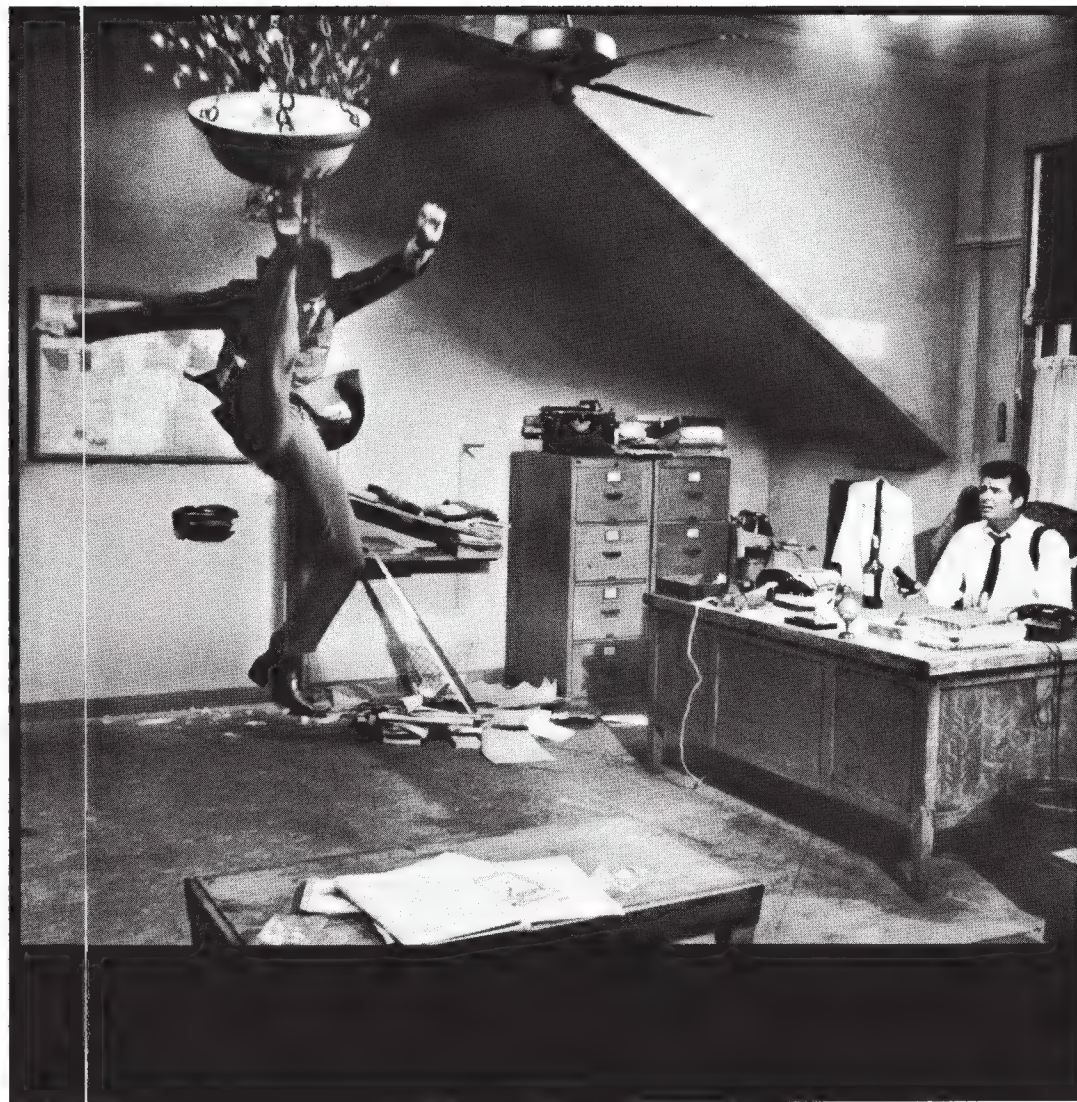
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by Don McGregor

The dragon is not even breathing heavily.

He waits for his victim, and his eyes do not betray him. Oharra lies flat on his back, looking up into the face of Bruce Lee, and perhaps he does not see Lee as a symbolic, human incarnation of the legendary dragon, but the audience viewing ENTER THE DRAGON is most certainly aware of it. Oharra is not even aware that he is more a victim than an opponent to Lee, or that this is more than a mere Martial Arts exhibition. He has no knowledge that the man who dances before him, who has beaten him to the ground, is brother to the girl he once tried to molest.

But he has become aware of one important fact!

This man who waits for him to attack is not going to

fall easily. With a shout of insensate fury, Oharra attacks. Lee drops under the kick, his legs driving forcefully out, and Oharra practically runs into the foot that slams into his groin. Oharra goes down. Obviously.

But what's more amazing is that he gets back up to launch another aggressive act! In case no one has told you, one does not usually feel very aggressive after a drop kick to the groin. One usually wants to lie in a fetal position until one learns whether or not one is going to live or die, and perhaps, for awhile, one hopes it will be the latter.

But this is the King of the Kung Fu movies and such a thing as a kick to the groin hardly slows a good villain down. Oharra picks himself off the ground, and launches himself time after time at Lee, each attempt ending in humiliation and an added assortment of bruises.

Han watches his right hand man face these indignities without comment, but the rest of the Martial Arts observers are more vocal in their amazement of the fight.

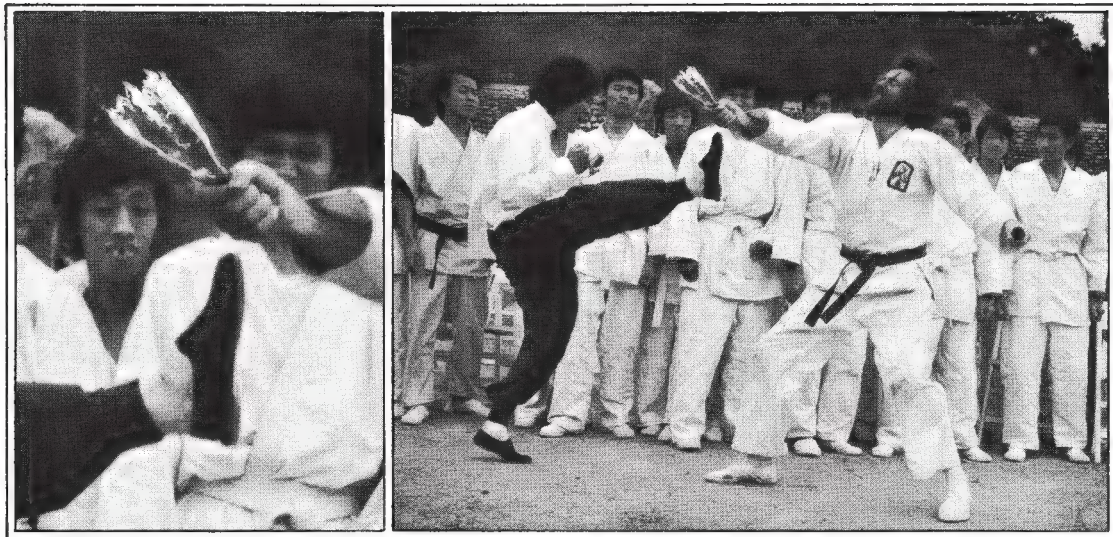
The audience is just as vocal, if not more so. They have been skillfully manipulated in hating this silent villain, and it is a major credit to the screenwriter and director that Oharra has such a despicable aura, when he has spoken no more than one line during the entire movie.

It is surprising that Michael Allin and Robert Clouse decided to have Lee meet the man who caused his sister to commit suicide so early in the film. One would have thought they'd leave it to the final reel, that final vendetta, but, of course, one is not aware during one's initial viewing of DRAGON that both Allin and Clouse have more sensational heroics than the defeat of one man in mind.

Bruce Lee has paced the fight well. It mounts in savagery until Oharra is nearly maniacal. Oharra's tormented screams of futile assault; the sound effects of each calculated blow; the countermoves made by Lee are splendidly timed. Lee's insistence on authenticity in these fight scenes lend to their impact. When Oharra is finally reduced to a primitive state and picks two discarded bottles up from the ground, they are bottles that are made of *real glass*! No spun sugar here, folks!

It's the *real* thing.

PART III



Lee was actually cut during the filming of that sequence, and it's probably only sheer luck that Bob Wall (who played Oharra) wasn't sliced up as well, since he had to land upon the shattered shards after his treacherous attack is thwarted. That little bit of authenticity kept Bruce from filming for near a week, and from this point on Bruce is in nearly every scene of the film. He probably gave the movie moguls behind the scenes many a sleepless night.

Oharra's final defeat opts for what has become a motion picture cliché. The slow motion sequence. Sam Peckinpah gave popularity to such a gimmick in his film *THE WILD BUNCH*, but his imitators have seldom used it with the knowledge or insight that Peckinpah has. Fortunately, director Clouse uses this filmic cliché in just this one sequence. There is no need to pad the action here as often seems to be the case when this slow motion device is used on television shows.

Lalo Schiffrin distorts the *ENTER THE DRAGON* theme music, and Oharra's end has a psychotic taint to it. Lee kicks the bottles from Oharra's hand, snaps a kick into his opponent's head, and then leaps into the air, stomping onto Oharra. The film lingers on Lee's face for a moment, and there seems to be almost a contradiction in the film's basic precept at this point. For the first time we are allowed to see emotion on Lee's face; and it is nearly sensual, almost sexual, in its implications. This odd combination of sex and violence is a distinct separation from the rest of the fights that occur in the movie (except, perhaps, for the end sequence where Han rips open Lee's flesh and Lee pauses to stop and taste his own blood); and it is a curious inclusion. And since the slow motion technique lingers on this reaction, one wonders about its purpose. Before this, we have seen Lee as very chaste and pure. Is it violence that turns him on? Or was Lee trying to express the fact that the retribution was an emotional catharsis as well as a physical one? Perhaps a more important question is how the audience interpreted the scene.

Lee steps away from his victim. He is still breathing steadily.

Oharra is dead, but the film's creators immediately

establish Han as the reigning villain. Almost at once, the scenes focus on Han, as he calls Williams to his inner sanctum. And the master of this formidable island is a fine replacement.



Han accuses Williams of being the one that invaded his underground fortress the night before. Williams, the *karateka* specialist, at first takes the accusations with amusement, until he realizes that he is surrounded by Han's menacing henchmen.

"Man, you come right out of a comic book," he says in his best super cool stud voice, and before we hardly have a chance to consider whether that's a derogatory statement on the part of the filmmakers, the *ENTER THE DRAGON* theme blasts over the soundtrack and Williams is battling for his life.

In true villain tradition, Han does not fight fair. When Williams has valiantly taken out Han's underlings, he is set upon by their leader. No passive leader is Han, as we have been led to believe, and he quickly displays his

bone-fide credentials as a despicable creep.

Williams chops at Han's arm and nearly shatters his hand. From that point on, it is nearly all downhill for Williams. Han mercilessly batters the *karateka* expert senseless, knocking him straight through a wall into an opium den that is populated by tattooed women who laugh in hideous counterpart to Williams' brutal beating.

Han has been using metal hands to shatter Williams' flesh. This is a bizarrely effective scene, almost surrealistic in nature, a studied contrast to the fight we have witnessed only moments before out on the Martial Arts tournament courts. Its purpose is explicit. Williams callous bludgeoning under these unfair tactics have already faded Oharra's atrocities into the past. There are new atrocities to avenge!

It is also a twist in plot structure that takes the audience totally off-guard. Coming on top of the unexpected death of Oharra as major villain so early on in the film, the audience does not know what to expect next. Yet, in structure, this development is not so dissimilar to a ploy used in most of the Hong Kong Kung Fu films. One of the good guys normally meets a bad end, which prompts another of the good guys into perpetrating the final orgiastic blood bath. At first, it seems surprising that the makers of *DRAGON* would decide to kill Williams. He is certainly presented as a more likeable personality than Roper, our third protagonist, and one might have thought they'd fear losing some of the black audience by taking Williams out. But he goes down bravely, and against unfair odds, and not before he has displayed his prowess as a Martial Arts combatant. Besides, before this point in time, they haven't given John Saxon's Roper much to do, and there's little sense having a name personality if you don't put him to some use.

They do so immediately as Roper is invited to Han's quarters. One wonders if he's going to get it too.

Han seems to be testing Roper as he leads him through a museum of ancient sadistic weapons, including a guillotine.

"This is the only angle I care to see it from," Roper tells Han.

Han motions toward the indentation for the neck carved into the base of the guillotine. "If you please, Mr. Roper," he says with a mocking smile.

"You mean you want me to put my head on that thing?" Roper asks incredulously, as well he might.

Han smiles the smile of all villains. "An act of faith," he offers.

"Umm. I'm a man of little faith, Mr. Han," Roper replies wisely.

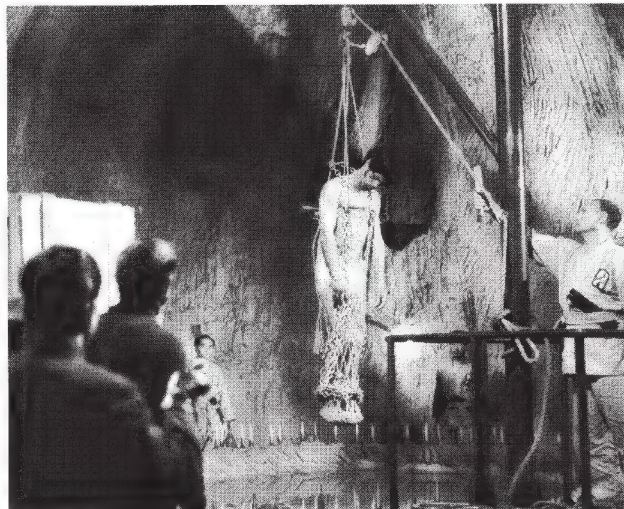
The background music is properly ominous as Han picks up a cat and places it upon the chopping block. Roper and the audience watch warily as this fiend puts his hand upon the triggering mechanism. If there were any doubts to Han's replacement of Oharra's throne of corruption, it is rapidly being dispelled.

"Very few people can be totally ruthless. It isn't easy. It takes more strength than you might believe." The hand wavers on the mechanism that holds the blade above the cat's head.

Roper steps forward. He's had enough of this madness. He lifts the cat off the guillotine and then faces Han. He seems to be wondering, as are we, just what Han is up to. Han reveals that quickly enough, taking Roper

into his underground laboratories where shipments of heroin are being prepared. He wants Roper to represent his crime cartel in the United States and Roper suddenly understands Han's motives for having the Martial Arts tournaments on his impregnable island every three years. "It's a great way to recruit new talent, huh?" he asks Han.

The underground labyrinth is a maze of depravity. Shanghied men, hopelessly hooked on Han's drugs, are behind bars. Roper is viewing them with disdain when suddenly we see something that he doesn't. Williams, nearly naked, is held by chains above what looks like a pool of acid. Roper turns about and is brought up short by the sight of his friend. Williams is dead!



And Han just smiles.

Smiles as a winch is released and Williams is dropped into the frothing liquid.

Talk about insidious.

The stage has been set for the scenes that were made to build a legend. Each act has led toward this inevitable climax.

The dragon re-enters. The dragon, and after these next sequences there can be no doubt, was Bruce Lee. The title of the film is but a symbolic representation; for the posturing, dramatic effects and confrontations, sum total, lead to Lee as an impervious dragon, waiting for its attackers, nonchalant and slightly sneering at the nostrils, contemptuous flame lighting the dark eyes.

The dragon has entered. And of all the Kung Fu battles that have filled movie screens in the last year, this is the grand-daddy of them all. *ENTER THE DRAGON* is superior within its genre, which is basically a medium of a series of choreographed battles. The film meets the basic dramatic requirements of other, more enduring genres; but within its own context it is magnificent, because these upcoming battles are so well executed and edited that others in the Kung Fu/Martial Arts medium are pale by comparison.

The entire film has led to this moment of Bruce Lee invading Han's underground complex for the second time. The other facets are spicing to keep the menu tasty; but this is the main course, and Lee isn't playing second banana anymore. No more plunging off rooftops after failing to tackle a stiff-limbed James Garner as he did in

MARLOWE! No more wasting time teaching a blind acting James Franciscus how to fend for himself in the television series, *LONGSTREET*. And certainly, the role of Kato would be nothing more than distant history.

Lee moves like a cat. His liteness is incredible. As we fade from Roper's shock to night, we are immediately aware that the climatic moments are underway. Lee is back at the entranceway to the underground plant, moving through the shadows as if he is a part of them; but when he lifts the flower plant that stands atop the trapdoor down into Han's underground kingdom, he is greeted by an added precaution.

A cobra!

And like the glass, it's the real thing, Gang!

The cobra had been devenomed before the scene was filmed, though that wouldn't have been guarantee enough for me, and the snake actually sank its fangs into Bruce during the filming of the sequence. Becoming a legend isn't the easiest thing in the world to do.

Lee takes the cobra's appearance in stride.

Unruffled, he turns his small tote bag inside out, over his hand, and then... *reaches for the snake and cups his hand over the darting head!*

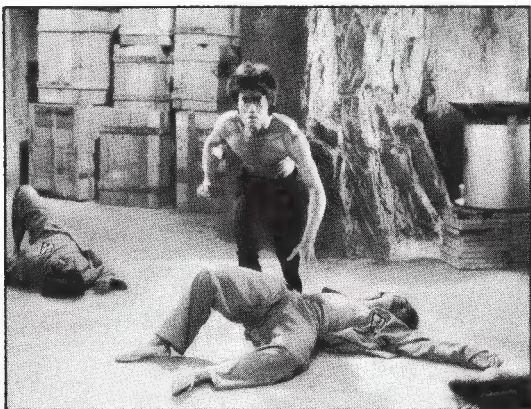
Still unperturbed, he stuffs the rest of the writhing serpent into the tote bag and then descends via rope into the caverns, taking his package with him. He moves with great stealth past Han's addict pens, locating the radio transmitter center that the Agency man Braithwaite had told him about.

Creeping under the waist high partitioning, Lee crawls to the door of the enclosure. Beyond the glass windows, we can see two monitors inside the radio room. Lee releases the cobra from its cloth prison and then purposely snaps his fingers into the back of the snake's head. Its venomous sacs fill dangerously!

It doesn't bother Lee a bit. He slides the door open, sends the snake in, waits leisurely while the radio operators inside panic and come crashing through the glass windows. As soon as they are gone, Lee is moving lithely again, using the radio to contact Braithwaite while he keeps the cobra at length with his feet. Some trick that.

Warning sirens fill the cavern and before Lee can make good his escape there are more guards surrounding him than one can count. And they keep on coming like cockroaches. Innumerable. It's safe to say that Bruce Lee, in this cavern fight alone, takes out near 100 men.

And does it with great style.



With such violent display of action, one might think it odd to compare Lee's battle choreography with the basic precepts of ballet; but they are more alike than one would think. Stunt sequences, especially of the type performed by Lee and all these unknowns who attack him in the name of Han's guards, involve complex, intricate maneuvers. Each action has a cause and effect. Each motion must have a complimentary motion.

Think of it this way: Bruce Lee can throw the most devastating, powerful blow ever seen on the screen, kick out at another foe, leap into the air and hurtle into another couple of extras; but if none of them react to that startling display, the impact is lost. Each thrown punch is dependent upon the reaction to its delivery.

Lee disarms all of his foes, using their own weapons against them; shattering skulls—for the most part bloodlessly—as countless idiots keep running toward what has to be a human fighting machine. Even when he is near knee deep in crumpled bodies, Han's minions still haven't the sense to retreat. They keep right on coming. And they keep right on getting it.

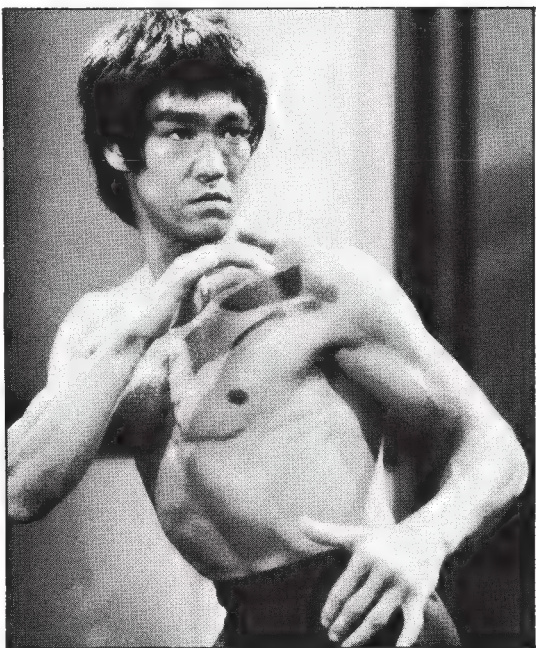
The fight is one of the most splendid exhibitions of this type ever put onto film. Lee is credited with arranging these sequences, and they are incredibly well choreographed.

The dragon entered... and conquered!

It was also, unfortunately, his swan song. It was not intended to be that way. Just the opposite, in fact.

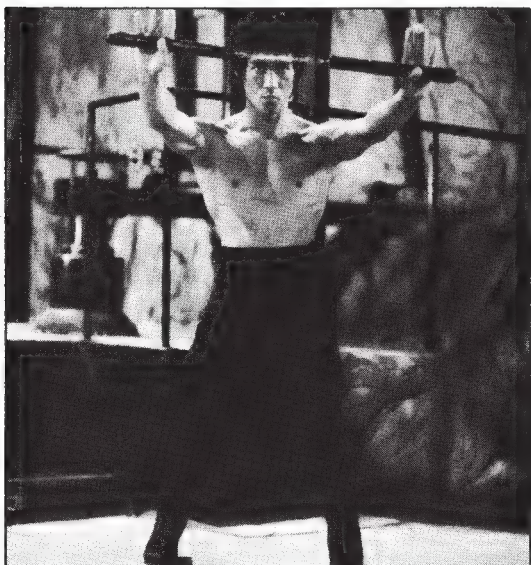
This magnificent display of heroics (one man against innumerable odds, effortlessly laying low enemy after enemy) was not meant to be Bruce Lee's last such battle, his last encounter with countless foes lusting for his death. This fight was to have been the *first* of many. And he was to be the celluloid dragon, breathing mythical flames through the lightning flashing of his limbs and the sweat glistening on his superbly conditioned body. This was not supposed to be a swan song.

Reality just turned it into one.



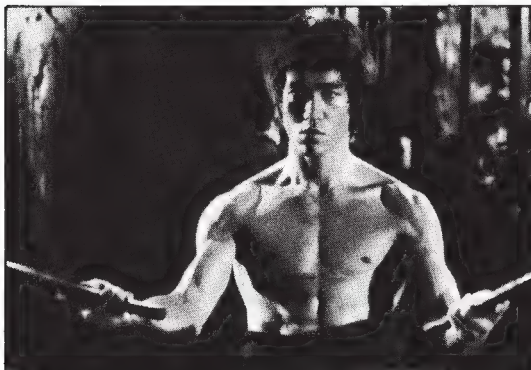
Han's guards are a zealous lot. The first dozen or so try using their bare hands on our man Lee, and the caverns echo with their defeat, and skull-cracking sound effects. Some of them bring long, heavy staffs into play, and promptly have them used against them. But the most flamboyant of the weapons are the *nunchaku*s.

Nunchaku! For the uninitiated, the *nunchaku* are two lethal, hexagonal rods linked together by a length of chain. Alex Ben Block, in his book, "The Legend of Bruce Lee," quotes Joseph Artesi, director of a karate school in Bridgeton, New Jersey, as stating that these two rods can generate 1600 pounds of pressure at the point of impact. The human bone breaks at about 8½ pounds of pressure. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that these sticks are dangerous.



Bruce Lee used the *nunchaku*s for showmanship in his movies. They are very flamboyant weapons, and in *DRAGON*, he does a reprise of the old Western cliché, of the hero spinning the gun miraculously and then, after a series of incredibly complex maneuvers, letting it drop into the holster. Bruce substitutes the *nunchaku*s for guns. It's a remarkable performance. The average guy has to be careful that he doesn't take off his head just trying to twirl those damn things. Bruce makes them act as if they were but living extensions of his arm.

Still, it might be pointed out that Bruce actually disliked the *nunchaku*s, and outside of show-biz, never used them. He believed the human body to be the ultimate weapon. Also, the *nunchaku*s are not toys, as



some brilliant money-hungry *nunchaku* manufacturers would have you believe. You can hurt yourself. You can hurt someone else. Badly! Without the spiritual connection behind the physical reality of these weapons, without respect for human life, these "toys" lose their flamboyance. Bruce Lee, were he alive today, would probably frown upon their indiscriminate usage and connection with his name.

Bruce does try valiantly to escape. Waiting for an elevator, he kicks, slashes, back-kicks, jump kicks out an indeterminate number of foes, only to have the elevator doors open and reveal that its insides are packed with more adversaries.

But all good things must come to an end.

The fight across the length of Han's underground complex comes to an end when steel walls slam down into place, imprisoning Lee. He takes the imprisonment calmly enough. He sits down, sweating but hardly out of breath, wraps the *nunchaku*s over his shoulders, and shifts into the lotus position, conserving his energy.

Han's voice comes from a speaker. "The battle with the guards was magnificent. Your skill is...extraordinary. And I was going to ask you to join us."

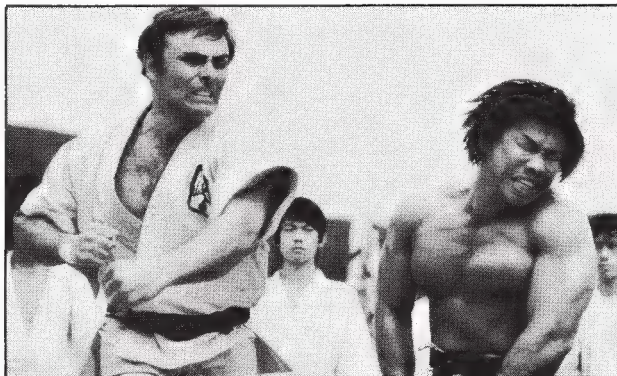
We cut abruptly to the man who got Lee into all this. Braithwaite. He is just awakening to find that Lee has sent a message from Han's island nearly an hour before. Bureaucracy has screwed up once again!

Dawn comes to Han's island, and because of the military snafu, none of the law agencies have arrived. Lee stands with Bolo by his side. A small rope holds the dragon's hands behind his back. One tries to imagine how many men it took to get those ropes on Lee, but the thought that once on the ropes could hold him, after witnessing the tremendous exhibition, is nearly beyond imagination.

When Roper refuses to kill Lee, Han sics the deadly Bolo on him. Lee offers to step in for Roper, but Roper waves him off. Many foreign audiences were reportedly annoyed that Lee did not take Bolo out. The fanatics of any genre are nothing if not fervid in their rampant fantasies. Lee has just taken out an entire armada of men, not to mention Oharra, and he is going to take on Han in just moments.

Another incredible aspect of the movie is that surrounding Lee and Roper are hundreds of more guards. After Lee has disabled and/or killed so many during the night, one wonders if Han's supply of human drones is inexhaustible.

While Roper battles Bolo, Mai Ling, Braithwaite's double agent, lets the prisoners free. The conflict ends



when Roper kicks Bolo in the groin. Bolo is one of the few guys who reacts in a plausible manner to such stimuli. He falls down and plays dead.

Han calls down half of everybody in the world to descend on Lee and Roper, and, in the tradition of that grand, old colloquial expression: *All hell breaks loose!*

The prisoners converge on the scene while Lee and Roper start hammering away at the human hordes which press in upon them. Han decides events are going downhill, especially after he hooks a bear claw onto the end of his left arm and fails to rip Lee to shreds. A brutal swipe is dodged and the three spikes dig into wood. For a

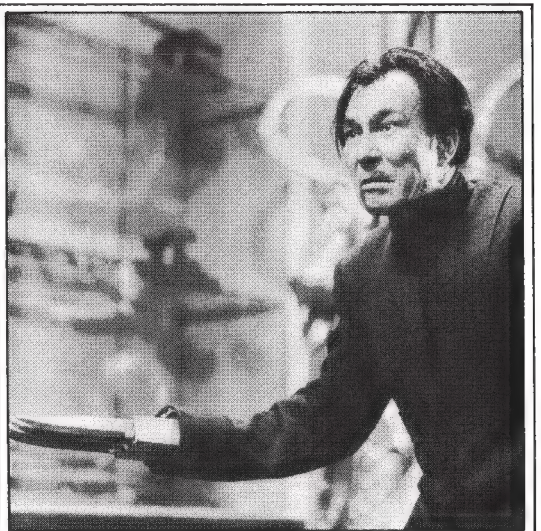
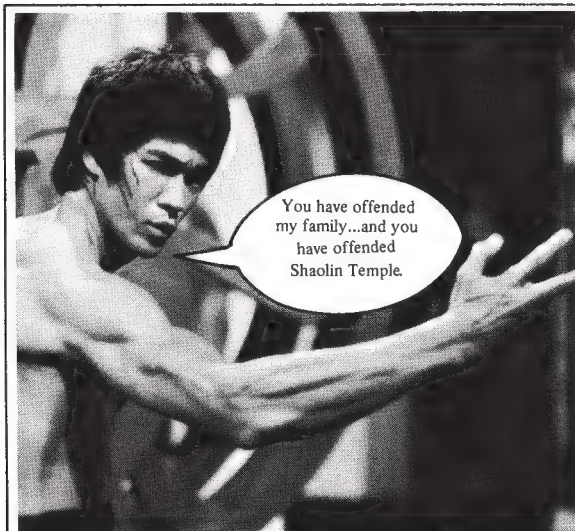
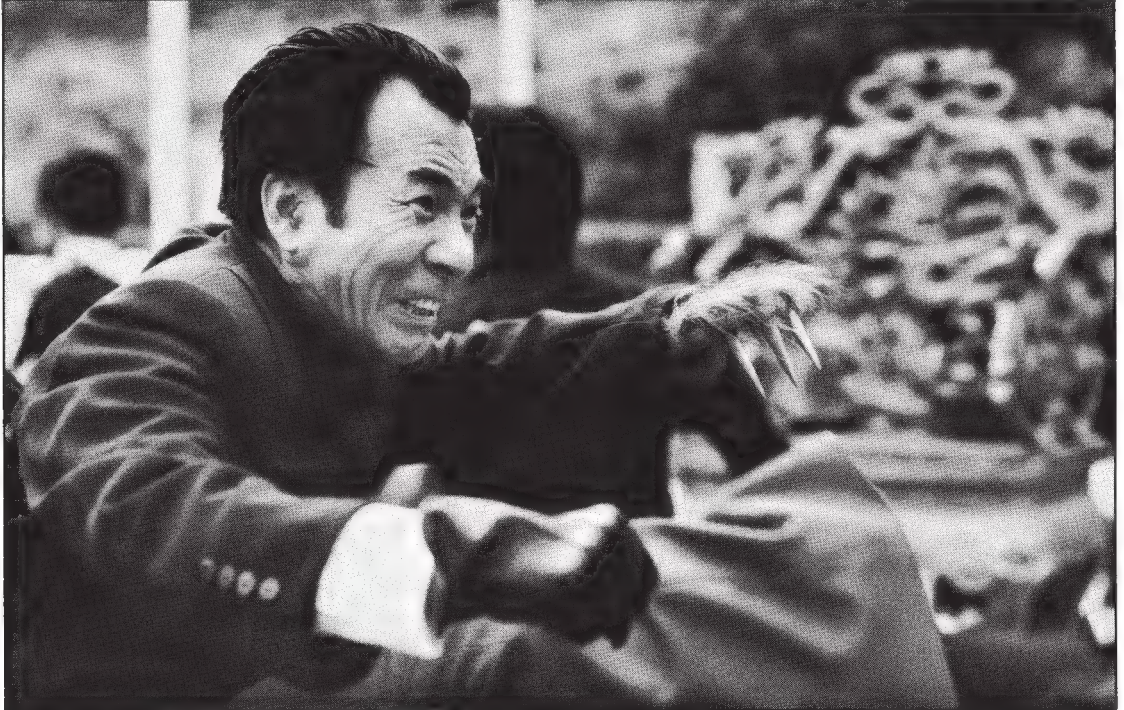
moment Han is trapped, but the melee occurring about he and Lee saves him when several nondescript guards come between them. Han jerks his arm lose, leaving the claw behind.

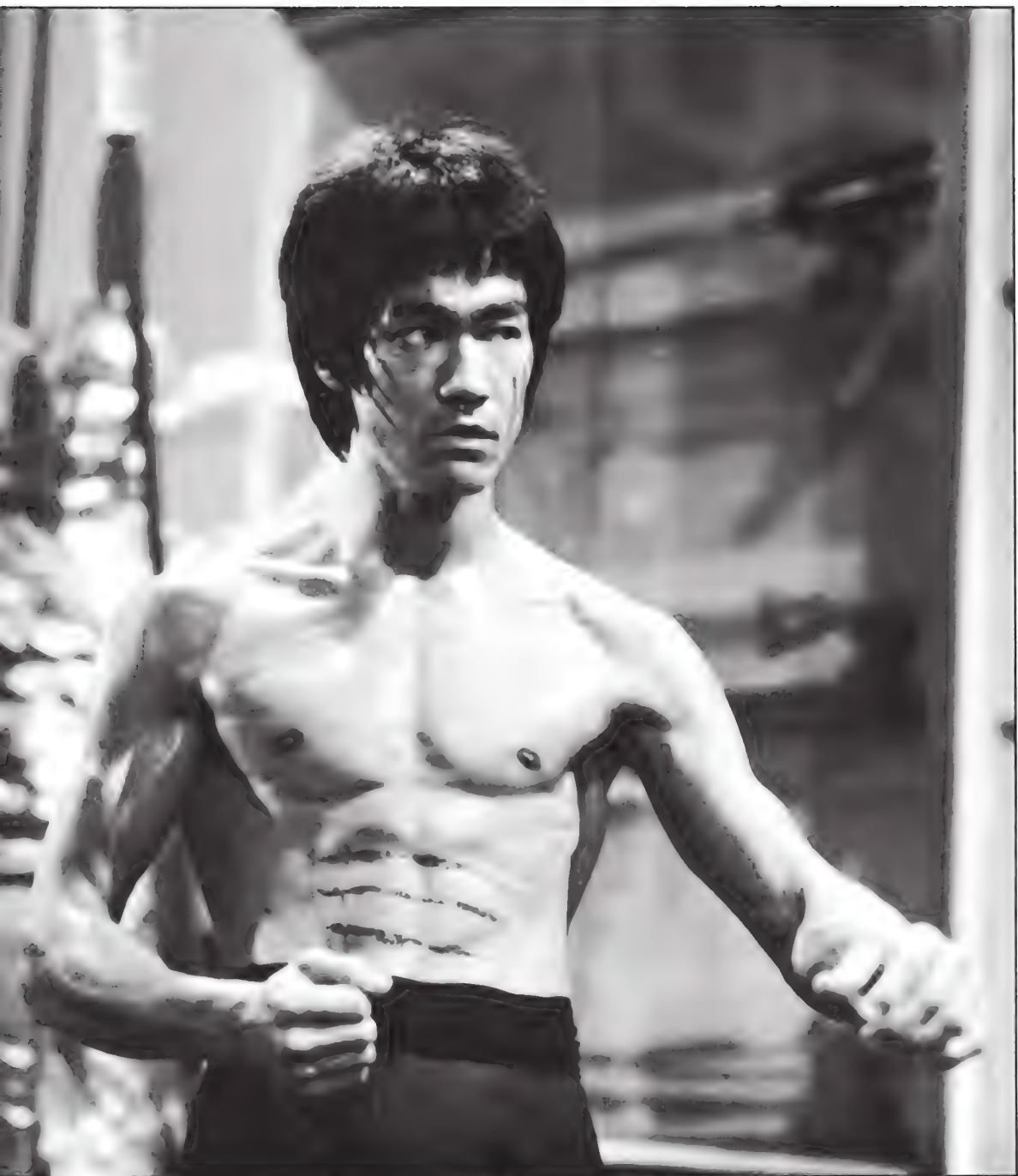
Lee gives chase and eventually catches up with Han inside the museum that Han guided Roper through. Han breaks open one of the glass display cases and pulls from it another attachment for his left arm.

Four deadly blades nearly a foot long!

He attaches them and turns to face Lee. Lee is not disturbed.

The camera places him in the background and the





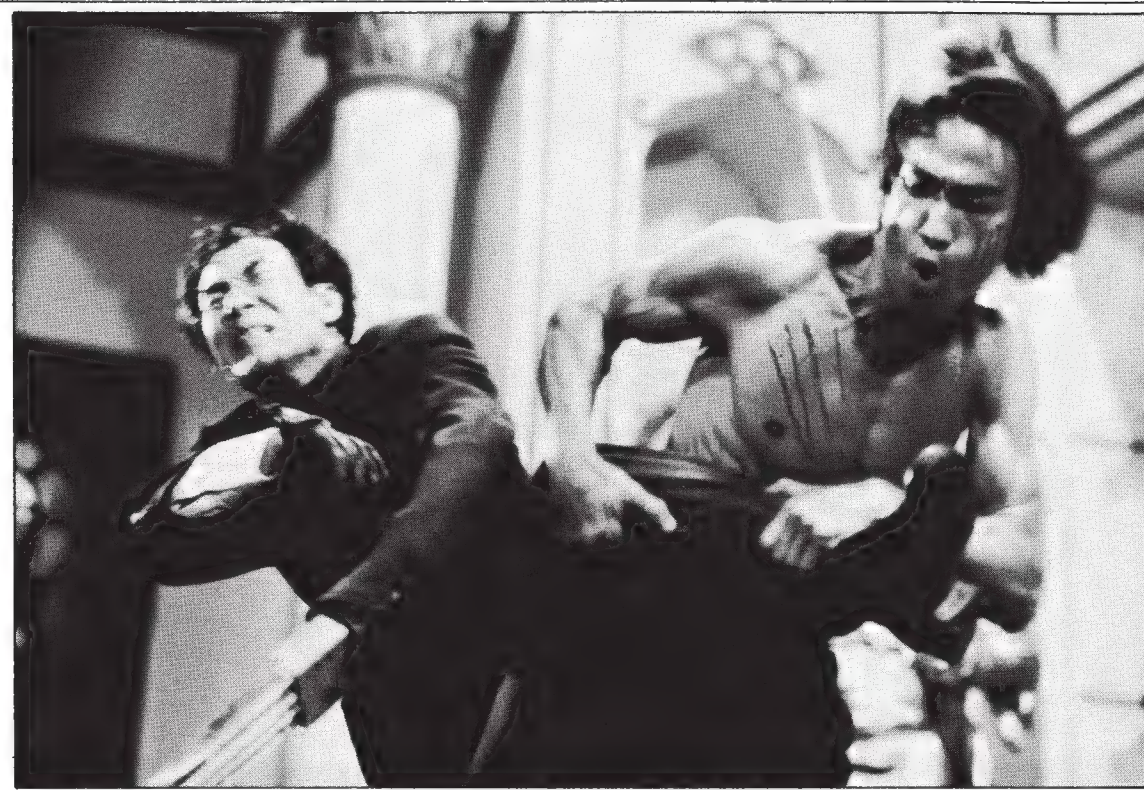
wicked looking blades are kept up close, pointed toward Lee's flesh. The sense of dramatic pacing is kept unbearably taut. They have built up to this final confrontation and they do not disappoint their audience.

Lee ducks under the blades, kicks out and sends Han flying. It is the first of many such encounters, until Han finally makes a hit with those blades. They leave four welts across Lee's stomach. As in *FISTS OF FURY*, Lee

touches his wound, takes a taste of his blood and goes into an insensate fury. A startling kick sends Han hurtling right through one of the display cases!

One has to give Han credit. He keeps on getting up. A foolish thing to do.

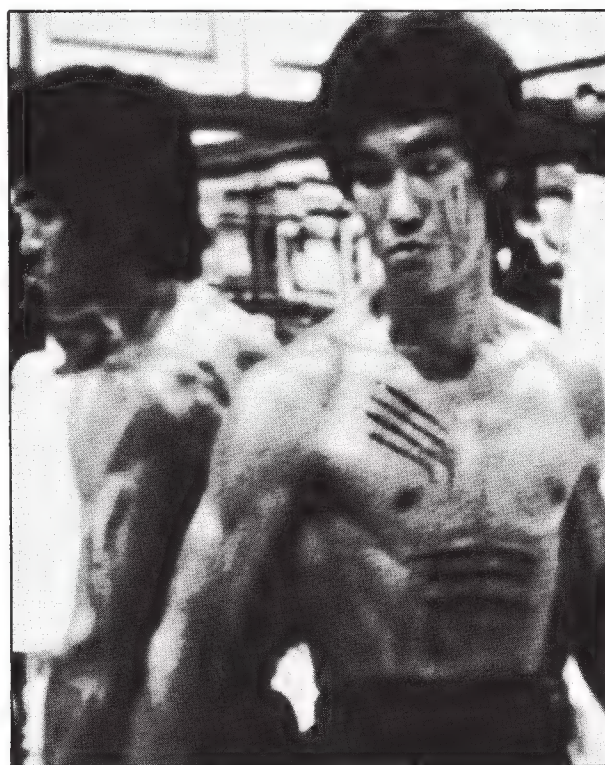
At one point, Lee locks Han's head within the crook of his arm, and he kicks up to the imprisoned face with such rapidity that four or five kicks have occurred within



as many seconds. *Seconds*, not minutes!

Desperate, Han hurls a spear at Lee, but our man is too quick for him and the weapon thuds into a revolving wall, going completely through it. Han finally seeks escape through that wall. Lee follows. Cautiously.

The room beyond is a maze of mirrors. Reflection upon reflection. Into infinity. It's been done before, but Director Clouse uses it effectively. Neither Lee nor the audience can tell where the real image of Han is until those steel shafts slice open the side of Lee's face.



And then he is gone, hidden in the maze.

Clouse directs the scene with a nice eye for visuals. The camera work is never too tricky. It does not distract from the tension of this stalking sequence; but, as with the earlier scenes of William's death, it gives the fight a distinct visual identity.

A second time, Han slashes at Lee, this time clawing up his back!

Lee begins striking out at Han's mirror images until he connects with the real McCoy. Finally, in a multiple screen image, Lee hurtles into the air, slamming into Han. Han is sent flying backward, right into the spear point that has been protruding from the wall. The spear plunges through Han's back and out his chest.

The dragon remains standing.

Within the action genre, a classic rendition of mayhem has ended. Lalo Schiffrin's music is appropriately moody. It would have been difficult to top the extraordinary display of battering fists and feet that Lee put on, and one wonders what Lee would have devised to lure back that mass audience which can so quickly become jaded. Unfortunately, we'll never know.

Outside, we learn that Tania is dead, Roper leaning over her. Her death lacks any emotional content since she has been little more than a caricature, but it is surprising that they did not play up her death scene a bit more.

Lee walks out into the carnage, gives Roper a "thumbs up" sign, and the sound track blasts over with music reminiscent of Schiffrin's *Mission: Impossible* score. It signals the arrival of the military helicopters.

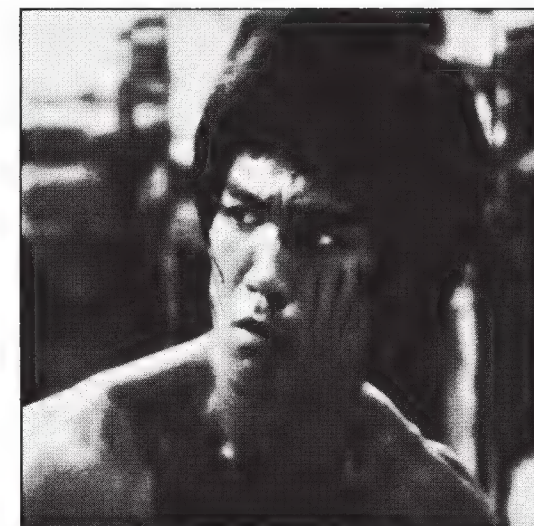
The camera cuts to a close shot of that bear claw Han used earlier. The weapon is harmless now. Forever

stilled. The end credits flash over the screen. It is finished. The dragon has made his last celluloid gesture, and there is no need for long, drawn out, tearful good-byes.

And the screen darkens.

Waiting.

Waiting for the next performance.



Kung Fu Revisited

An introspective evaluation of ABC-TV's phenomenal hit series starring DAVID CARRADINE, PHILIP AHN, and KEYE LUKE...



by J. David Warner

Early 1972. As I recall (at least where I was at the time, which was the Monterey Bay in California), Winter had already begun to merge with Spring.

And there, sneaking up in an unexpected dark corner called Tuesday night was this movie called "KUNG FU"...

...but we've been here already, in the first issue of this magazine (an article entitled "THE WAY OF THE

TIGER, THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON AND THE CLICK OF THE NEILSENS"). However, I shall now indulge in a flashback...

A high pitched but resonant gong...

...the camera blurs...

"Grasshopper, there are many ways to avert the physical actions of man. Learn the ways to preserve rather than destroy; avoid rather than check; check rather than hurt; hurt rather than maim; maim rather

Art by Frank McLaughlin

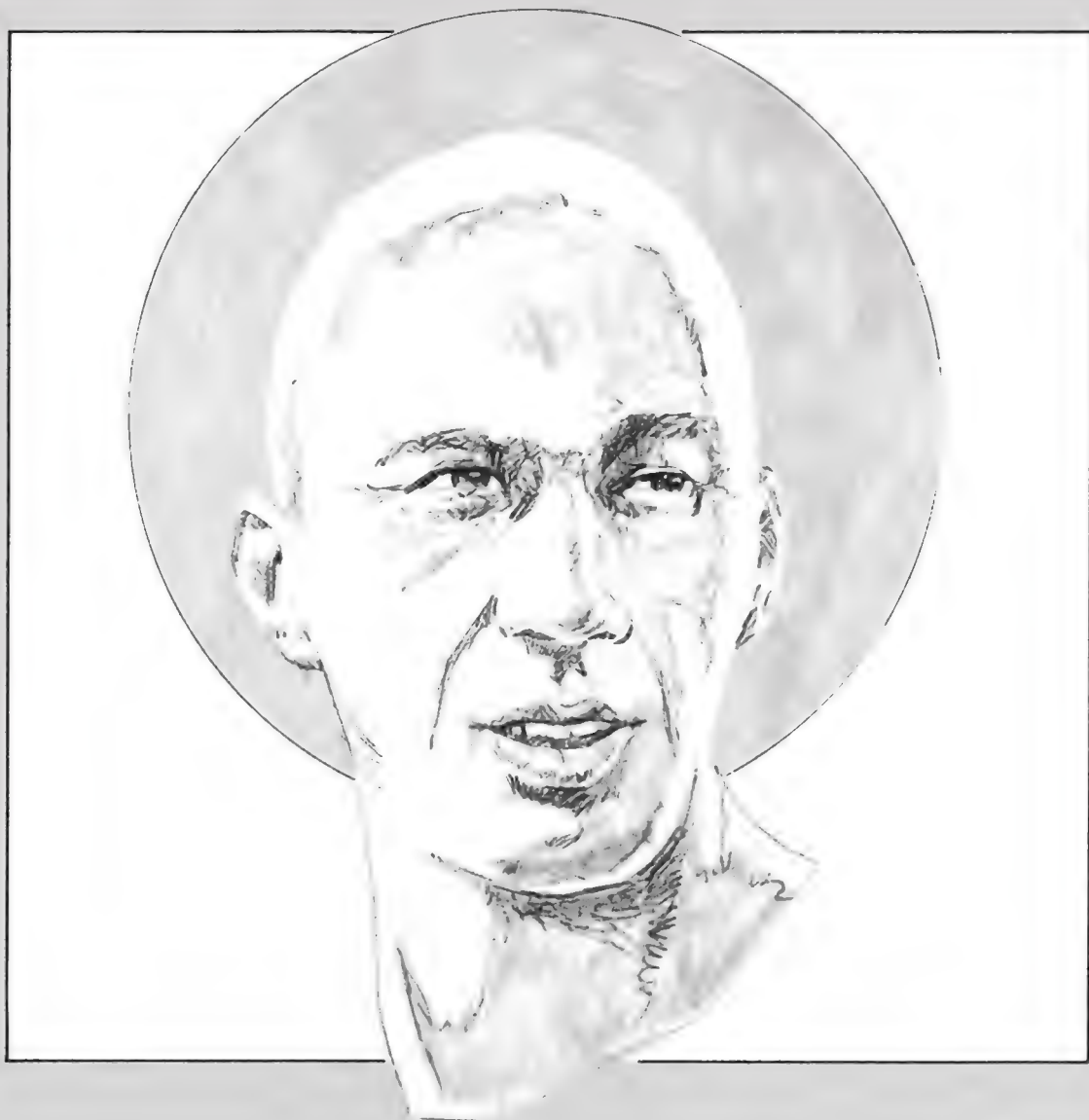
than kill; for all life is precious, nor can any be replaced!"

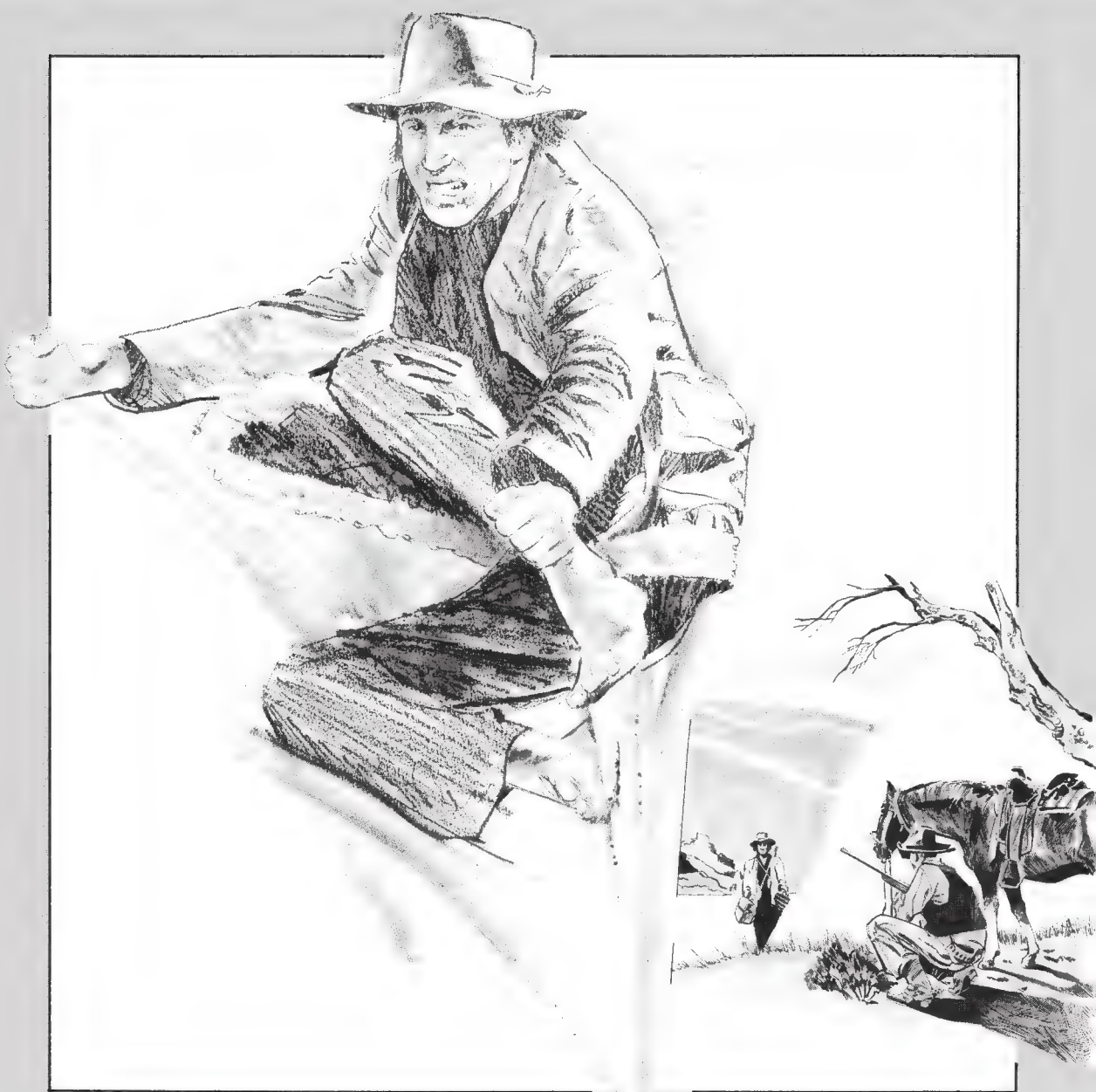
With this almost biblical passage, in an exchange between student Caine and one of his masters, *the* theme that was to become embodied in the series "KUNG FU" was established. At the time this "quickie flick" was aired no one knew it would be a series. Its creators and production people might have been hopeful, but certainly never assured. The odds, at least from an outsider's point of view, were against it.

First, the big six million dollar question: how do you make pacifism work in a movie where this exotic fighting art is your gimmick? Simple! you *don't* make this "exotic fighting art" your gimmick, or at least not your only one. To appropriately use a fighting term, this is one of the cleverest commercial feints I have ever witnessed. Herman Miller, Ed Spielman and company obviously didn't want to bog down their format with the demands of maintaining a gimmick. They wanted literate, carefully paced scripts; peopled by perhaps

unusual but wholly believable characters and speaking of a way of life and a philosophy that the creators at least must have felt important. However, great as all that may be, it didn't quite seem to have the punch necessary to sell it to the "brass". So they called the movie "KUNG FU" (short for KUNG FU: THE WAY OF THE TIGER, THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON) and created the illusion of a gimmick. "Hey look! They fight pretty!" No one bothered to notice that the fighting was so sparse and so lame that the movie would have gotten little more than yawns, had such fighting been its gimmick and single selling point.

There were other factors that seemed to spell D-O-O-M for this quiet little film. Not the least of these was a man by the name of Jerry Thorpe. A producer and director, Jerry has a habit of being artful (art for the sake of the story, as opposed to "artsy", art for the sake of indulgence on the part of the director). I don't know exactly how he affects the camera work, but anything that his name is on has startling, lyrical photography and





tasteful special effects shots (such as the "gauze" shot, or soft focus)— techniques usually abused if incorporated at all. The only problem is that, at least on any data you can compile from the past, art is not a selling commodity on the "tube"— even so far as to be a dirty word. GUN-SMOKE. LUCY. That's what sells. No, I'm not knocking them; I'm just saying they aren't "art" (to make things simple, I'm using Webster's definition of art: being something produced for its sheer beauty). But Jerry Thorpe has managed, to everyone's benefit, to show that art needn't be aloof from story. He proved it with the Kung Fu pilot. And, if you consider that a freak coincidence, he just did it again with a TV movie entitled "SMILE JENNY, YOU'RE DEAD" which was the pilot for a new series called HARRY O.

The last big factor working against this show was the casting of the lead. David Carradine! David Carradine is not Chinese, nor does he even seem a reasonable facsimile of a Chinese-American. David Carradine is also not a Martial Artist and was even less one when the series began shooting. Unlikely bit of casting, I would say.

However, David Carradine does work in the role. Somehow, Carradine manages to compose an elusive charisma around him. His face is quiet, his look is disheveled and his build, probably inherited from his father, is lean, bony and hungry. You can almost believe he's been wandering all over the American West. And that, I suppose, is the secret of Carradine's success in this role— believability. In the character, if not the Martial Arts. Carradine seems to empathize with Caine, and

perhaps feels a strong kinship to Caine's philosophies and ways. Specifically, I've noticed something, especially in this last season, that I like about Carradine. He has, over these couple of seasons, developed the character of Caine—subtly, but remarkably. And it is Carradine's doing, because the scripts have not really allowed Caine to be affected by events around him (probably the one big flaw of the series) when, in reality, he would be. Carradine appreciates this aspect in Caine and, although he goes on spouting the usual philosophy stuff, he seems to do it with a much greater curl of cynicism upon his lips. These, complimented with single expressions of not-so-innocence and worldly amusement over the silliness of men, perfectly compliment the development of

Caine's personality.

And so the pilot was aired, reaction was good and "KUNG FU" became a series. Well, sort of. It became an hour-and-one-half mini-series that appeared every six weeks, which after all, might have been the best format for it. Since pacing is the thing with the show, ninety minutes gave it the time to pace. And a six weeks' span between episodes meant the production crew could be as relatively unhassled as the pacing. But no such luck. "KUNG FU" began doing very well and was very quickly upped to a weekly series at sixty minutes a shot. Oh well, it's the old competency-plus-one rule of advancement—the army uses it. It's where you have a man who's the best sergeant in the world, but they advance his rank even



though he doesn't have what it takes to be a lieutenant. So instead of a really good sergeant, you have a rather punk lieutenant. The analogy is not quite fitting or fair, though, because, in spite of going weekly and rushed production schedules, the series has maintained its all-around quality. For the most part.

The show has covered a lot of territory and story material since that first pilot dealing with "coolie" labor conditions. During that time we have explored life in China in the late 1800's, both inside and outside a Shaolin Temple. We have seen vendettas, racism, love, ninjas, a few too many wanted posters, witchcraft, violence versus philosophy, theology, men trying to prove their "manhood" (and usually making complete fools of themselves in the process) and other themes. Approaches to the story vary on this program, which has resulted in some of its best episodes. They must have figured that, if you used Caine as the central focus for every story, the show would become a drag. So they began creating stories around different characters and having Caine walk in on them, react to them. And even when he was the focus, they have tried to vary things. One early hour episode that was a murder mystery of sorts comes to mind. The episode was called "BLOOD BROTHERS", and it also featured one of the best fight scenes of the series.

It occurs during a flashback, in the temple. Disciples Caine and Lin Wu (Kim Yuen) must battle to decide which will pass on to a higher order of learning and which will have to wait for the next such opening. Around the circular platform is a sea of carvies. The fight is well choreographed and flows smoothly, a dance of eagles, tigers, cranes, snakes, all the myriad systems of Kung Fu. Of course, Caine wins.

My favorite episode from that first season was one in which a young girl accuses Caine of the murder of her father; then, when she realizes she was wrong, finds it no easy task to convince everyone she had been wrong. The character of the girl is wryly precocious. Yet she manages her precociousness without being annoying. Jerry Thorpe was apparently quite impressed with her as he used her again for another major supporting role in "SMILE JENNY, YOU'RE DEAD".

It has been mentioned, from time to time, that this series has distinct resemblances to "THE FUGITIVE". Curiously, both series have had the same theme-within-the framework, the same obsession, if you will. Confinement. It seems only natural, a thematic tool for the "man on the run" aspect of these shows. But this theme is represented in "KUNG FU" in a very physical way, seeming intentionally oppressive. Being tied up is nothing. Caine has been put in leg irons, chained to another man, thrown into jail, pits, sweat boxes, and even trapped in a cave in. There is hardly an episode where he doesn't face at least one of these physical confinements, as well as the mental and allegorical ones prevalent throughout the storyline. But they serve a purpose. For, in spite of this over-burdening, you suddenly realize that Caine has never been truly confined since he went to the Shaolin Temple. He is freer than any man could hope to be. He shows this and gives courage to those confined with him.

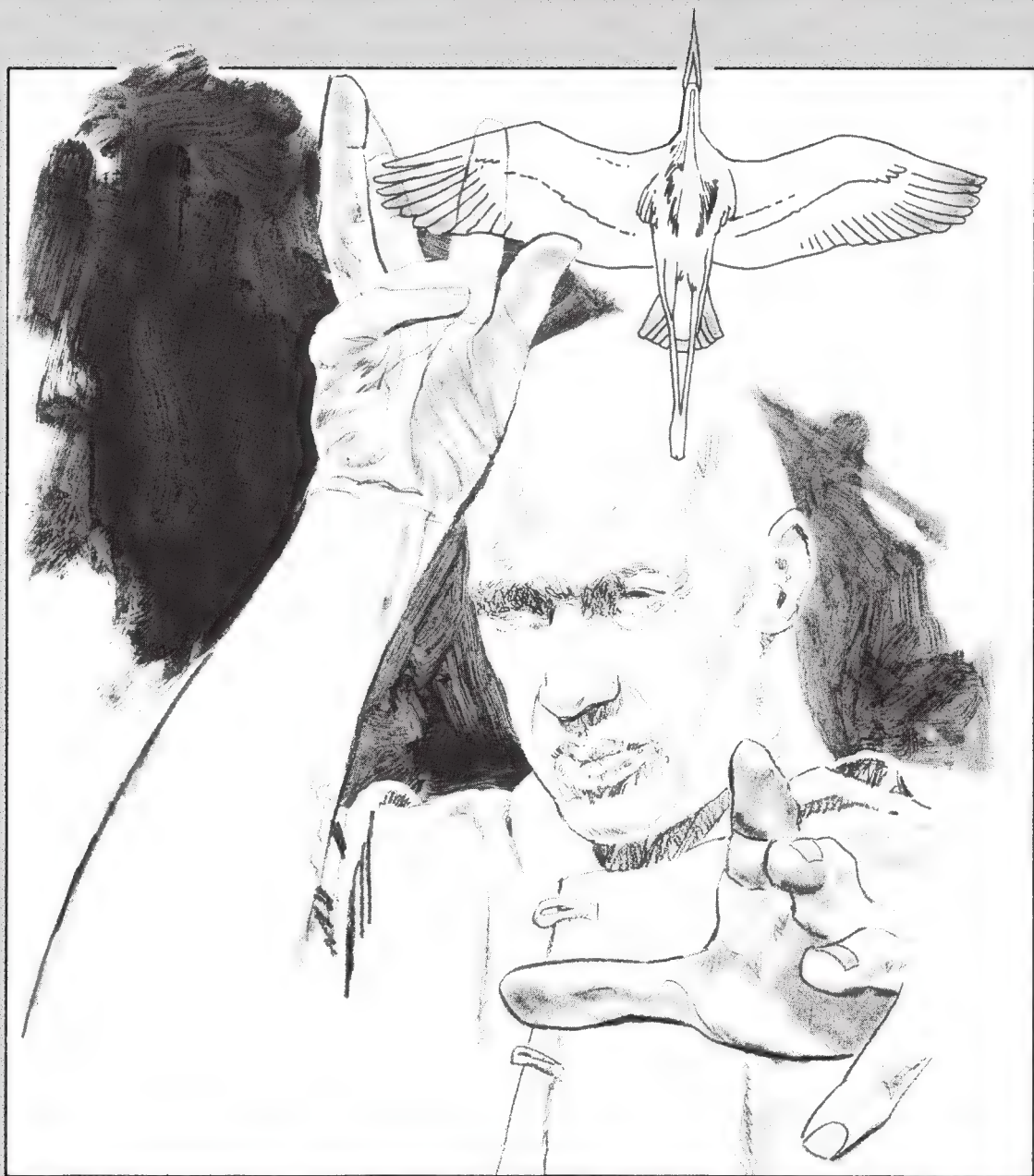
I have two favorite examples of this bit. One, from the first season, finds him placed with another man in a sweat box (a small enclosure that gets unmercifully hot by day and unbearably cold by night. A torture worthy of



our medieval ancestors—probably Caine's as well. The man with Caine sees him go into meditation. He sees Caine obsessed to the heat and the cold. But the man is afraid and begs Caine to save him. Caine teaches him to save himself. And you've never seen so many jaws drop as when the two of them walk out of the sweat box days later when they should have been corpses.

My other favorite example comes from this current season. Caine is thrown into a deep pit with Linda Day George. I must say, they've certainly improved torture this season! Linda plays a typical, intentionally stereotyped "southern belle" (one of those curious creatures, like the Japanese geisha, who were bred to be a stereotype) who is taken captive by her former servant and a fellow kidnapper. They plan on ransoming her to her father. The character development in the script—from belle, racist, etc., through her humiliation and debasement, through her coming of consciousness to, at last, a powerfully played scene where she has to fight physically for Caine's life against an illness that has consumed him—is magnificent.

My favorite episode from this season was a two-parter which co-starred Nancy Kwan and showed flashback scenes of Caine's first love. Nancy Kwan plays the daughter of royalty, a cultural child-woman and all



around spoiled brat who uses Caine as a toy to get back at her very haughty soldier lover. This is played against the present action of a crusty old man who has hijacked a gold wagon to transport a very unusual cargo.

As much as I like "KUNG FU", it does have its faults. First, the flashbacks are sometimes overdone. I forget which episode it was, but I recall Steve Skeates and myself glued to the tube on a Thursday night when suddenly we realized they were giving us a flashback INSIDE a flashback. Now, you have to admit, that's a bit much. Also I think that the weekly schedule rushes them sometimes.

Supporting cast has a lot to do, I think, with the success of this series; most noticeably Philip Ahn, who

plays the venerable sage, Master Kan, and Keye Luke, who plays Master Po. And, by the way, some of those better stunts are performed by Carradine's stand-ins, Don Eiber and Kim Yuen.

What Thorpe, Miller, Carradine and company have managed to do with this show is incredible. They've proved that quality and art aren't necessarily nasty words. And Jerry Thorpe has made his unique cinematic autograph a whole reason to view in on anything. In fact, you'd do well to watch for "HARRY-O" when it premieres.

In the meantime, there's always Thursday night... peace, philosophy and David Carradine once a week. And we hope for a long time to come!





YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO **SLAUGHTER** HIM, ABE. A LIGHT **TAP** OVER THE COLLAR WOULD'VE DONE THE TRICK...



TAKE IT **EASY**, MY MAN. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT--AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM **BOTHERING** US WHILE WE'RE DOIN' WHAT WE **CAME** HERE FOR.

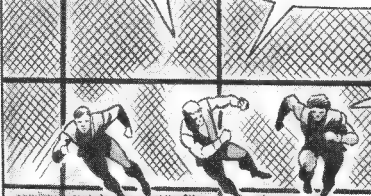
ABE IS **RIGHT**, BOB. WE **MUST** BE UNDISTURBED.

NOW **COME**...THE GUARD SAID THE PLANE WAS DUE WITHIN THE NEXT **THIRTY MINUTES**. THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH **TIME**.



IF MY **AGENT** COULD SEE ME NOW, HE WOULDN'T **BELIEVE** IT.

HE'D TELL ME I'D LET ALL THOSE **SPY** ROLES GO TO MY HEAD--AND HE'D BE **RIGHT**!



AW, **STUFF IT**, MAN. THIS IS **KID STUFF**. IN SOME PARTS OF SAN FRANCISCO, YOU'D BE DOIN' THIS FOR A **LIVING**.



ATTACK!

EEEEEEEEEE!!!

BE **SILENT**, BOTH OF YOU.

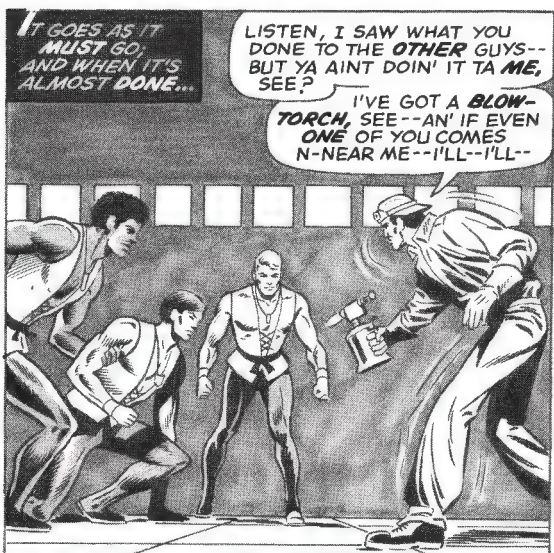
APPARENTLY, WE HAVE STILL **ANOTHER** OBSTACLE TO OVERCOME...

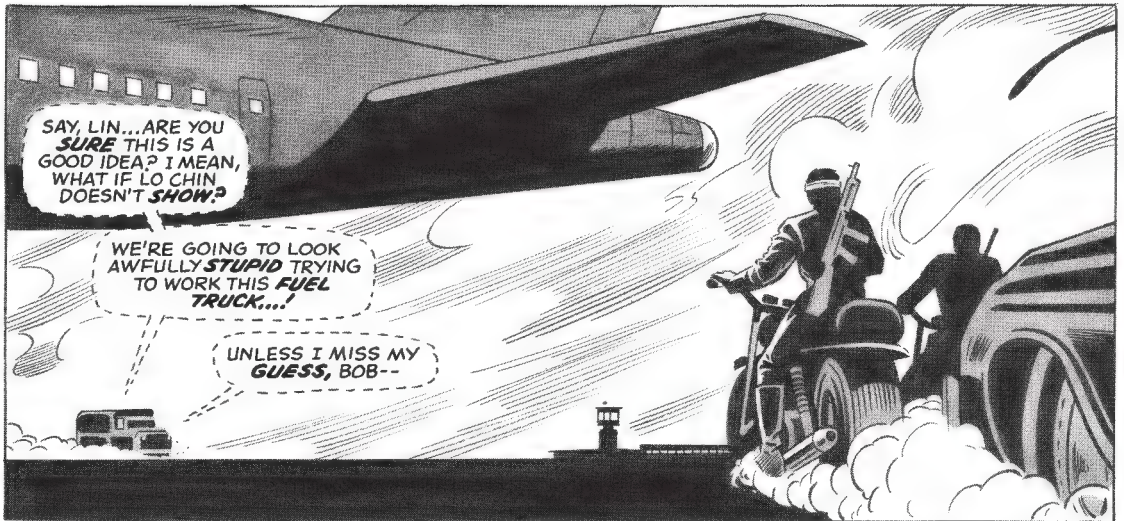
THEN LET'S **DO IT**, LIN.

VERY WELL. ON MY WORD--









SAY, LIN...ARE YOU **SURE** THIS IS A GOOD IDEA? I MEAN, WHAT IF LO CHIN DOESN'T **SHOW**?

WE'RE GOING TO LOOK AWFULLY **STUPID** TRYING TO WORK THIS **FUEL TRUCK**...

UNLESS I MISS MY **GUESS**, BOB--



--THAT'S LO CHIN'S CAR **NOW**!



PLEASE TO NOT **HURRY**, MY SON. THESE OLD LEGS ARE **WEAK**--AND LO CHIN IS NOT AS **STRONG** AS ONCE HE WAS.

SORRY, SIR. IT'S JUST THAT WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE JET DOWN HERE **TOO LONG**--

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IT'S **LANDED** IN OVER **TWO MONTHS**.



AH, YES--A MOST **ADMIRABLE** ARRANGEMENT.

FROM HERE, THE AGENTS OF THE **SILENT ONES** MAY SUPERVISE OUR AMERICAN ASSAULT-- WITHOUT FEAR OF **CAPTURE**--



--BECAUSE THIS AIRCRAFT NEVER **LANDS**, AND IS REFUELED IN **FLIGHT**.

YET--SOMETHING **PUZZLES** ME, MY SON. IF THIS PLANE IS REFUELED IN THE **AIR**--



AS ONE UNIT, THEY MOVE
IN WHAT--UNDER OTHER
CIRCUMSTANCES--COULD
ALMOST BE TERMED A
DANCE--



GRACEFUL,
SWIFT, THEY
SEEM UNAWARE
OF THE LETHAL
FIRE CHATTER-
ING OVER
THEM--

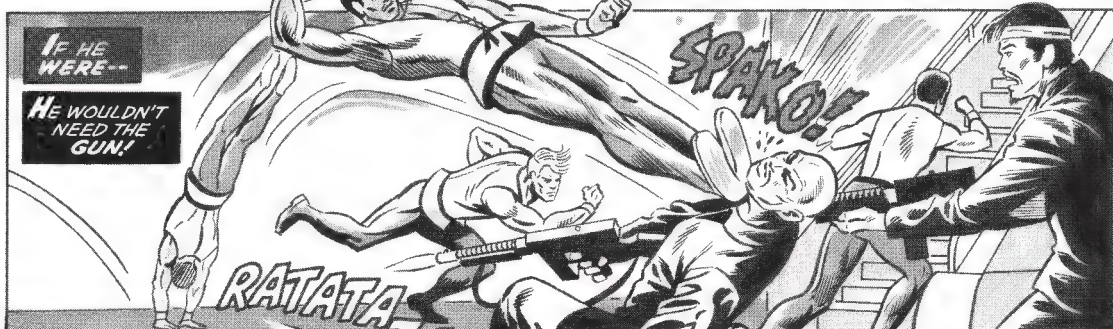
-- AND THIS FRIGHTENS THE
MEN WHO ARE SHOOTING,
BECAUSE IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS,
A MAN WITH A GUN ISN'T REALLY
A VERY BRAVE MAN--



PAKA PAKA

IF HE
WERE--

HE WOULDN'T
NEED THE
GUN!



SPAKO!

RATATA
TATATATAT

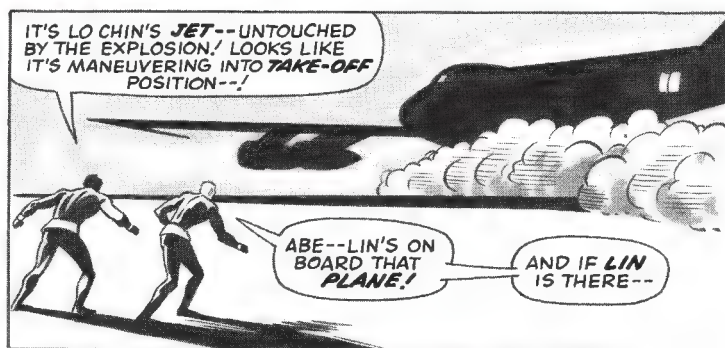
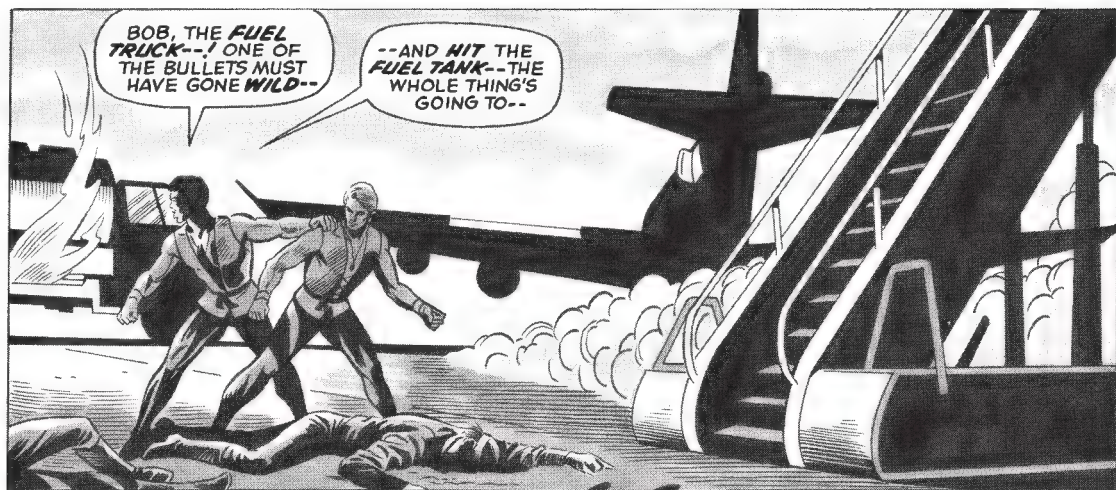
NICE WORK, ABE. RE-
MIND ME TO RECOMMEND
YOU FOR A TROPHY
SOMEDAY.



BUNT!

NOW, IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN
TEAR YOURSELF
AWAY FROM YOUR
PAL--

I THINK
LIN
NEEDS
US!





ONCE, THEY WOULD HAVE QUESTIONED THEIR DUTY-- THEY WOULD HAVE ARGUED THAT THIS WASN'T **THEIR** RESPONSIBILITY--

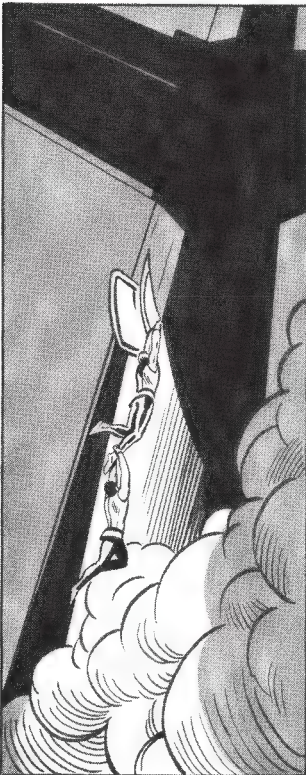
THAT THIS FIGHT WASN'T THEIR FIGHT, THIS **WAR** WASN'T THEIR WAR--!



ONCE, IT'S TRUE, THEY WOULD HAVE TRIED TO **SHIRK** THIS BATTLE.

BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO--

LONG AGO--IN A FAR DIFFERENT WORLD.



WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GRABBING, WILL YOU?

TRY TO REMEMBER I'M THE IDOL OF **MILLIONS**--AND IF YOU DON'T WATCH YOUR BLASTED **HANDS**, A THOUSAND GIRLS WILL CRY THEMSELVES TO **SLEEP** TONI--



UH-OH.

MAYBE THOSE LITTLE GIRLS WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT AFTER ALL!

BOTH OF YOU-- GET IN HERE.

AND, PLEASE-- MAKE NO **SUDDEN** MOVES--OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO **KILL** YOU.



WELCOME TO OUR
HUMBLE *ABODE*,
FRIENDS OF MY FRIEND.

I TRUST YOU WILL
MAKE YOURSELVES
AS COMFORTABLE
AS YOUR YOUNG
ASSOCIATE--FOR AS
LONG AS YOU *CAN*.

I PROMISE YOU--
THAT WILL *NOT*
BE VERY LONG.

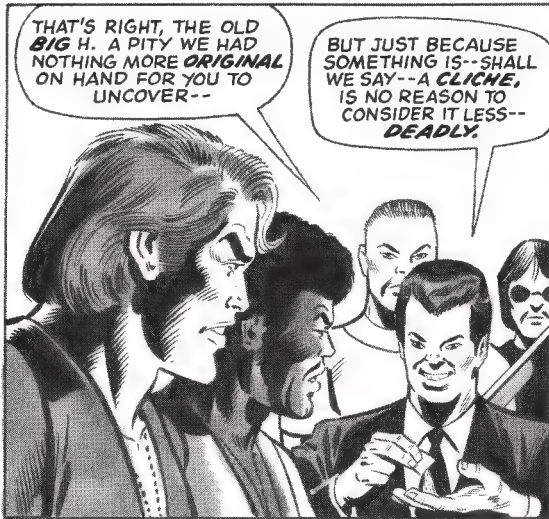
SORRY, BOB--ABE.
I WAS JUMPED AS
SOON AS I CAME *IN*.

THEY LEFT THE HATCH
OPEN TO *LURE* THE TWO
OF YOU--SO THEY COULD
DISPOSE OF US *ALL* IN
ONE FELL *SWOOP*.

YOU PUT THAT PRETTY *WELL*,
BOY. YOU WANT I SHOULD
TELL YOUR FRIENDS *WHY*
YOU'RE ALL GOING TO *DIE*?

NO ANSWER? OKAY--
"*SILENCE GIVES
CONSENT*", AND ALL
THAT RUBBISH I
SPENT SIX YEARS
AT HARVARD TO
LEARN.

IT ALL HAS TO
DO WITH *THIS*,
MY FRIEND--
HEROIN.



THAT'S RIGHT, THE OLD **BIG H.** A PITY WE HAD NOTHING MORE **ORIGINAL** ON HAND FOR YOU TO UNCOVER--

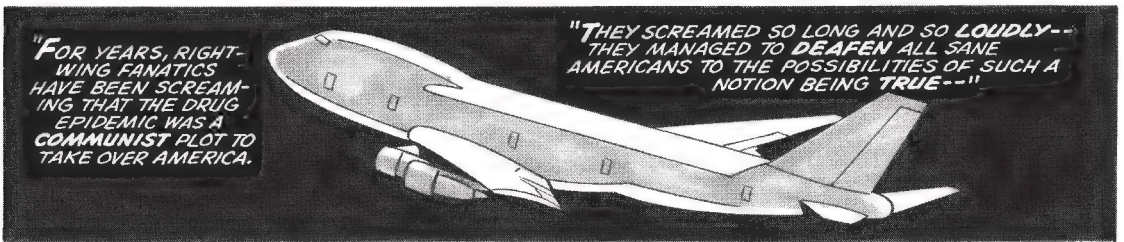
BUT JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING IS--SHALL WE SAY--A **CLICHE**, IS NO REASON TO CONSIDER IT LESS--**DEADLY.**



DEADLY IS **RIGHT**, YOU MOTHER! I'VE SEEN FRIENDS OF MINE **DIE** SHOOTING THAT JUNK--

AND **YOU** STAND THERE GLOATING--YOU FILTHY **SCUM!**

TEMPER, **TEMPER**, MR. BROWN. IT'S ALL VERY **SIMPLE**, YOU SEE...



"FOR YEARS, RIGHT-WING FANATICS HAVE BEEN SCREAMING THAT THE DRUG EPIDEMIC WAS A **COMMUNIST PLOT** TO TAKE OVER AMERICA.

"THEY SCREAMED SO LONG AND SO **LOUDLY**--THEY MANAGED TO **DEAFEN** ALL SANE AMERICANS TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUCH A NOTION BEING **TRUE**--"



--WHICH HAS WORKED TO OUR **ADVANTAGE**, AS YOU CAN **SEE.**

THERE **IS** A PLOT AFOOT TO ENSLAVE AMERICAN YOUTH THROUGH DRUGS --BUT IT IS NOT SPONSORED BY THE COMMUNISTS, MY YOUNG FRIEND. OH, NO!

RATHER, IT IS SPONSORED BY MY MASTERS--THE **SILENT ONES.**

YOUR TEACHER, MASTER KEE, **LEARNED** OF THIS PLAN THROUGH ONE OF HIS UNFORTUNATE PUPILS--AND SO HE HAD TO BE **KILLED.**

BECAUSE OF YOUR INTEREST AND PERSISTENCE--YOU MUST **ALSO** **DIE**--



LIKE LIGHTNING,
THEY STRIKE--
AND IN THE
STUNNED LULL
WHICH FOLLOWS,
THEY CROUCH
TOGETHER--

--AND RECITE THE
WORDS OF A PLEDGE
THAT IS SEARED
ACROSS THEIR HEARTS--
INTO THEIR SOULS!

WHEN THREE
ARE CALLED
AND STAND
AS ONE,

AS ONE THEY'LL
FIGHT, THEIR WILL
BE DONE...

FOR EACH IS
BORN ANEW...

THE TIGER'S SON!





FOR ONE PARALYZING INSTANT, THE AIR OVER THE THREE YOUNG MEN SEEMS TO SHIMMER...

...AND ALMOST, A SHAPE SEEMS TO FORM... EYES, STRIPES, A FANGED MOUTH...

...AN IMAGE WHICH STRIKES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO SEE IT...



THEN THE IMAGE IS GONE--

HEEEYAAAAA... HYYY!

MR. DIAMOND, ISN'T THIS THE SWEETEST SOUND YOU'LL EVER HEAR?

SPARK



SWEETER THAN THE SWEETEST MUSIC, MR. BROWN!

I SURE AM GLAD WE LET LIN TALK US INTO FOLLOWING UP THIS LEAD--OTHERWISE I MIGHT HAVE BEEN BORED TO DEATH TONIGHT--

--INSTEAD OF ENJOYING A LITTLE EXERCISE!

BUT, AS BOB DIAMOND AND ABE BROWN EXCHANGE WITTICISMS IN THE REAR OF THE CUSTOMIZED 747--



--LIN SUN IS MAKING A MOVE THAT'S SOMEWHAT MORE DRAMATIC IN THE FRONT OF THE PLANE--

--A MOVE THAT MAY PROVE STILLBORN UNLESS--



**MY WRIST!
MY GOD, YOU
BROKE MY
WRIST!**

**THAT IS
NOT ALL
I'M GOING
TO DO--**

BLAM!



**I AM ALSO
GOING TO
BRING YOU--
DEATH!**

SCRUNCH!



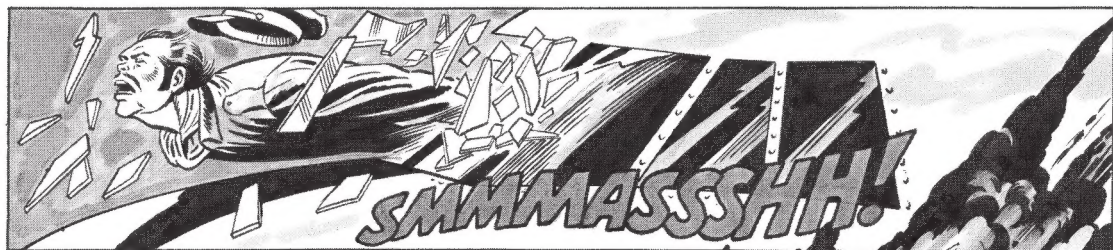
**WHAT--WHO THE
HELL ARE YOU?**

**THAT IS NOT
NECESSARY
FOR YOU TO
KNOW.**

**WHAT IS NECESSARY
IS THAT YOU OBEY
ME...IMPLICITLY.**



**OBEY YOU? ARE YOU INSANE?
I OBEY ONLY THE SILENT
ONES--NOT--**



APPROXIMATELY THREE MINUTES LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN AIRPORT WE'RE ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH...



UHHHHHHH--HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN TRAMPLED! MUST HAVE A CONCUSSION--HEAR THIS ROARING SOUND--!

OH MY GOD-- IT'S NOT IN MY HEAD!



AND, JUST IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING...



ABE, THAT WAS *NICE*--THE WAY YOU GRABBED THESE *PARACHUTES* FROM LO CHIN AND HIS BUDDIES.

YOU SAVED OUR *HIDES*, TIGER-BROTHER.

I'M JUST GLAD IT'S ALL OVER, MAN.



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE *WRONG*, ABE. AS LONG AS THE SILENT ONES LIVE...

IT'S *NEVER* OVER.

FIN

NEXT ISSUE:

Martial Arts in Movieland!

Shang-Chi, Master Of Kung Fu in

"TWO GOALS TO SEEK/ONE PATH TO GLORY"

and

The Sons Of The Tiger in

"TOURNAMENT"

Where men match Kung Fu skills against fearsome weapons
—and those with lesser skill can only die!

Plus:

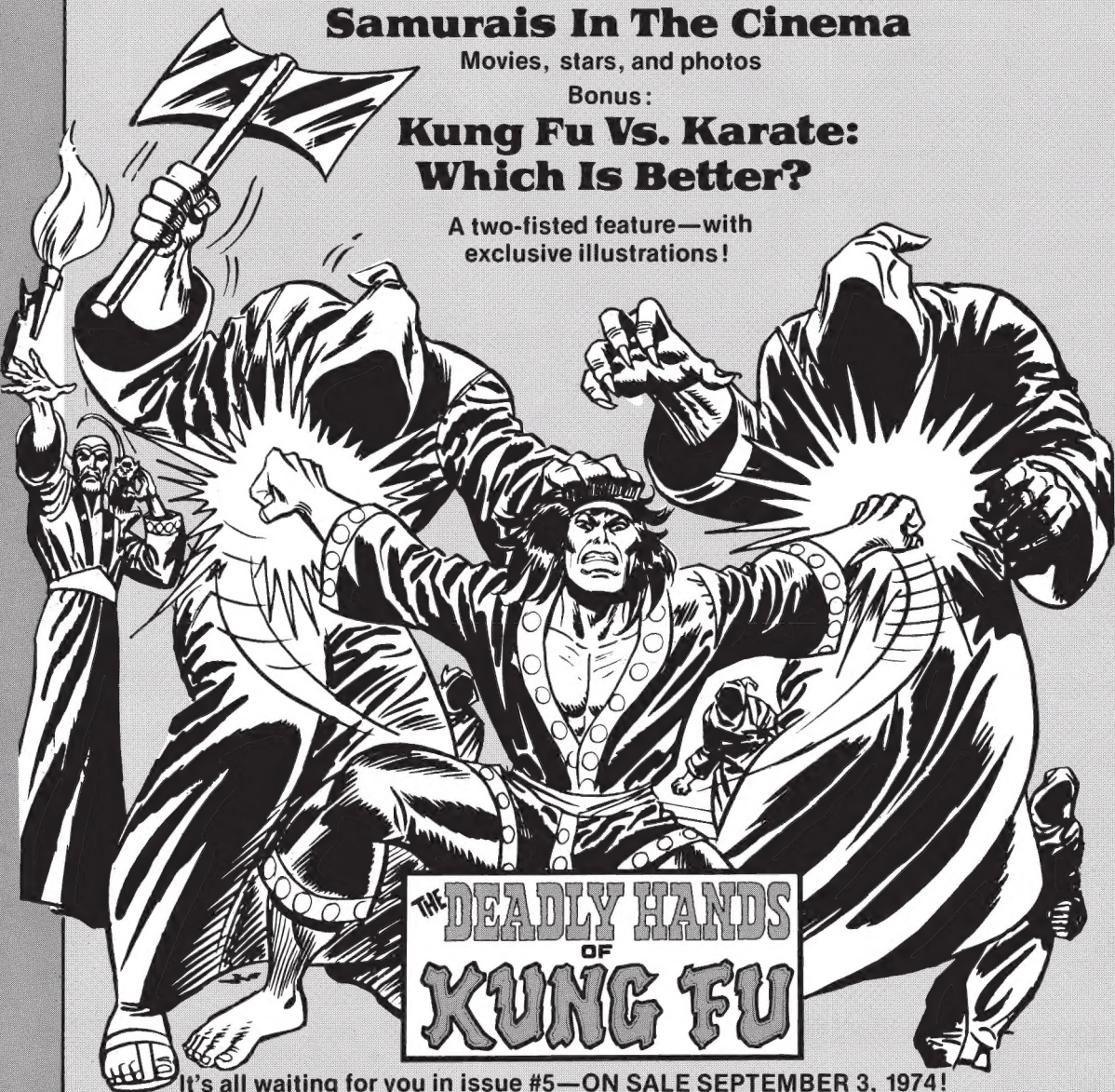
Samurais In The Cinema

Movies, stars, and photos

Bonus:

**Kung Fu Vs. Karate:
Which Is Better?**

A two-fisted feature—with
exclusive illustrations!



It's all waiting for you in issue #5—ON SALE SEPTEMBER 3, 1974!



Shadowcat

